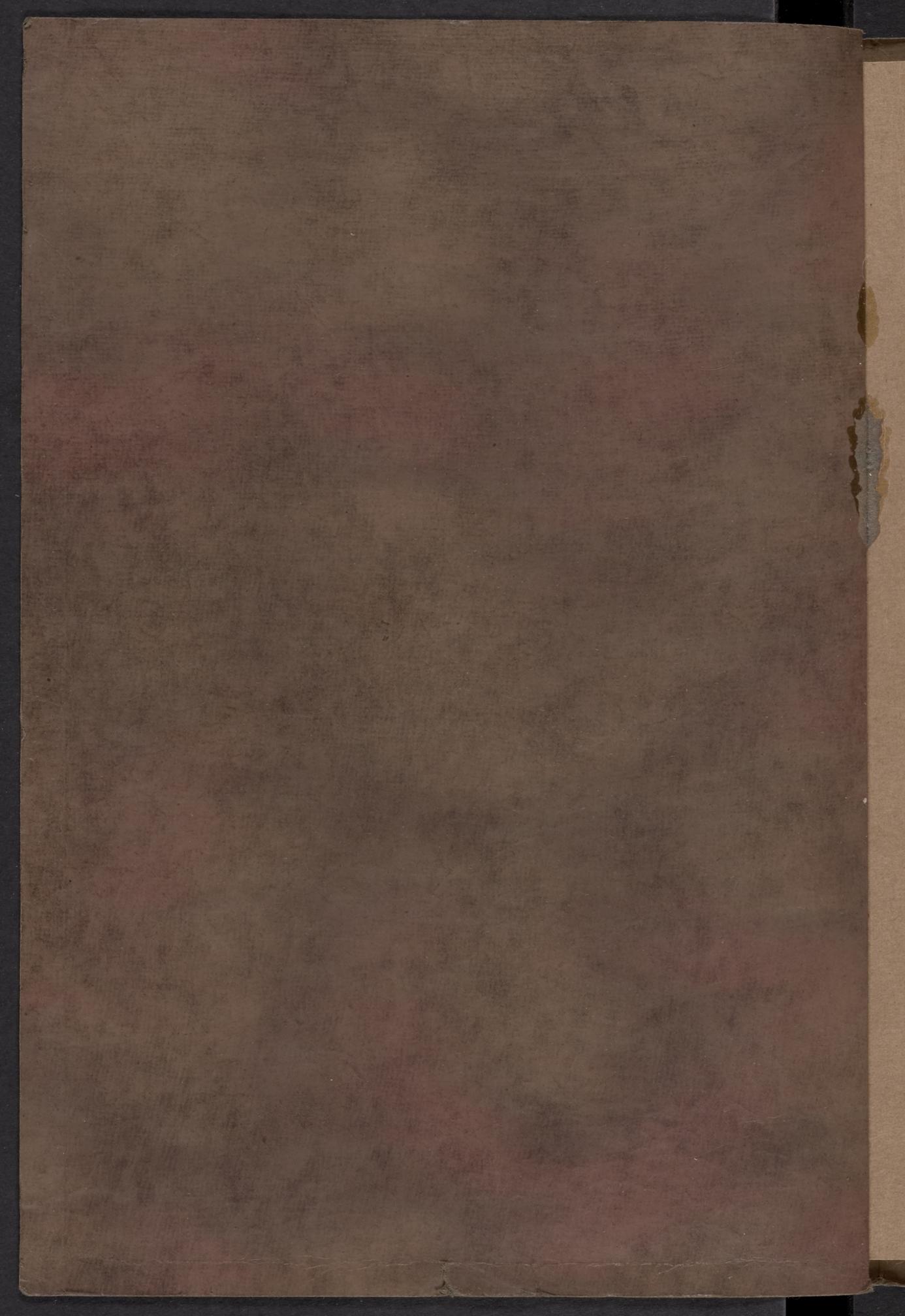
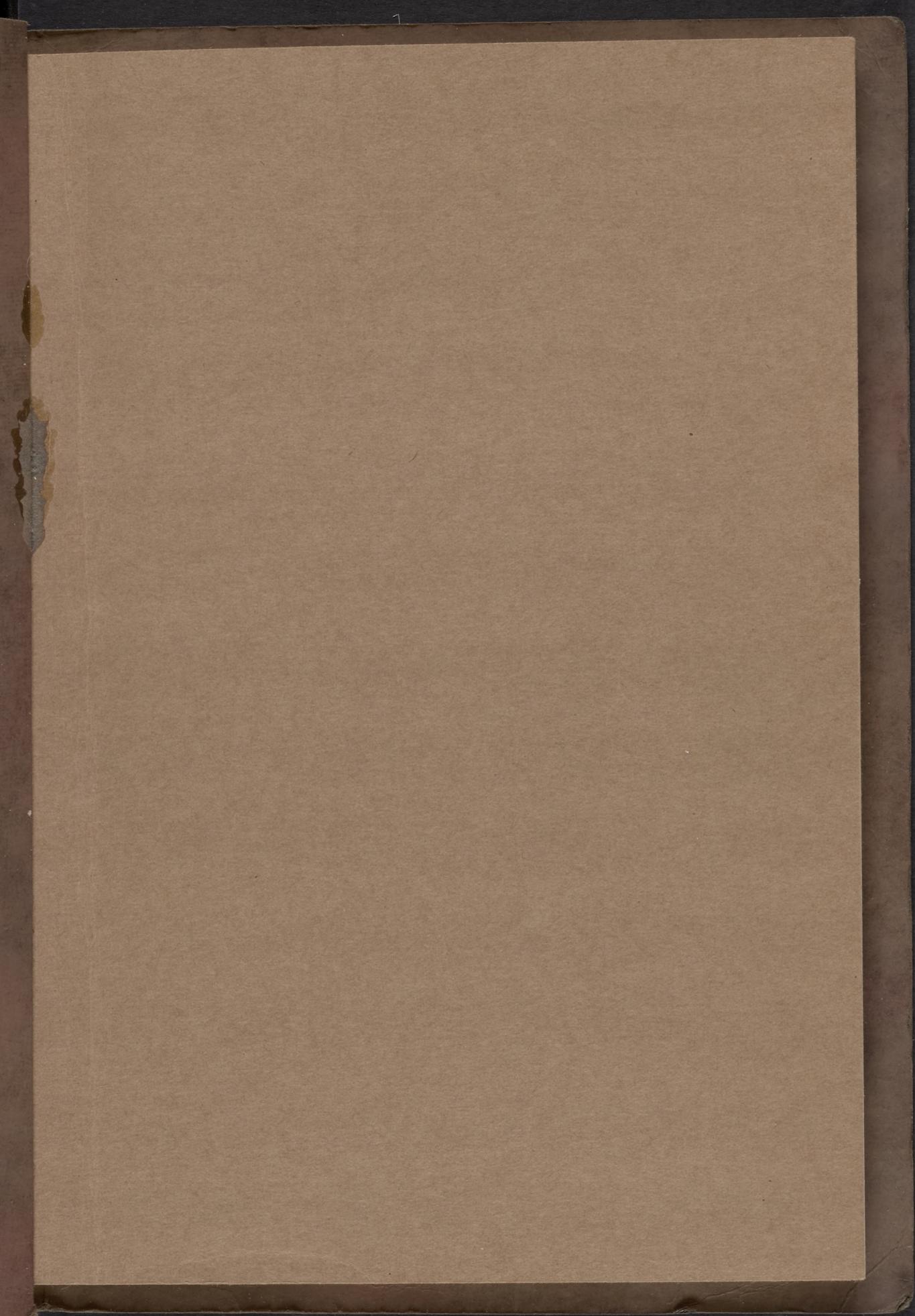


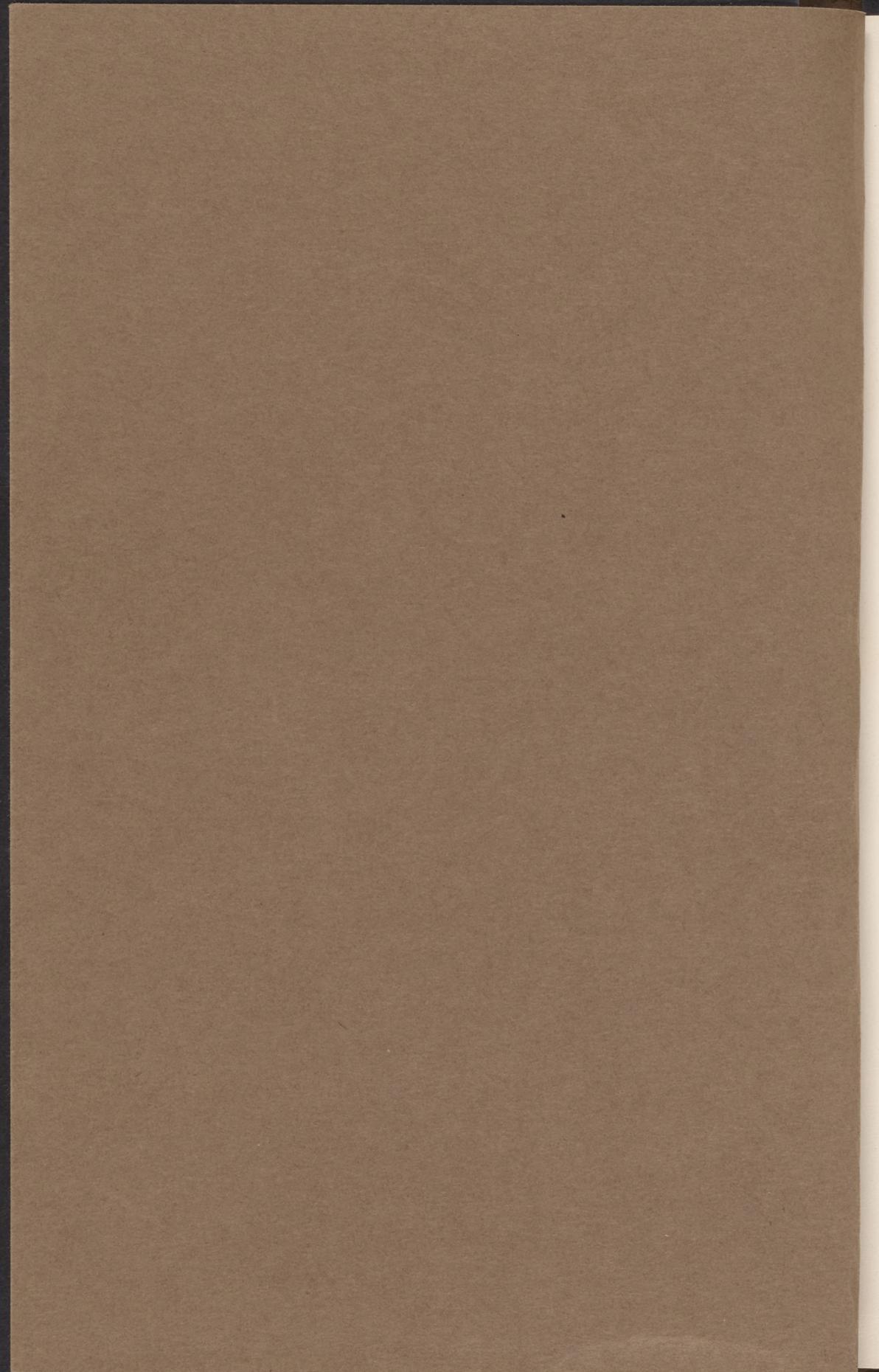
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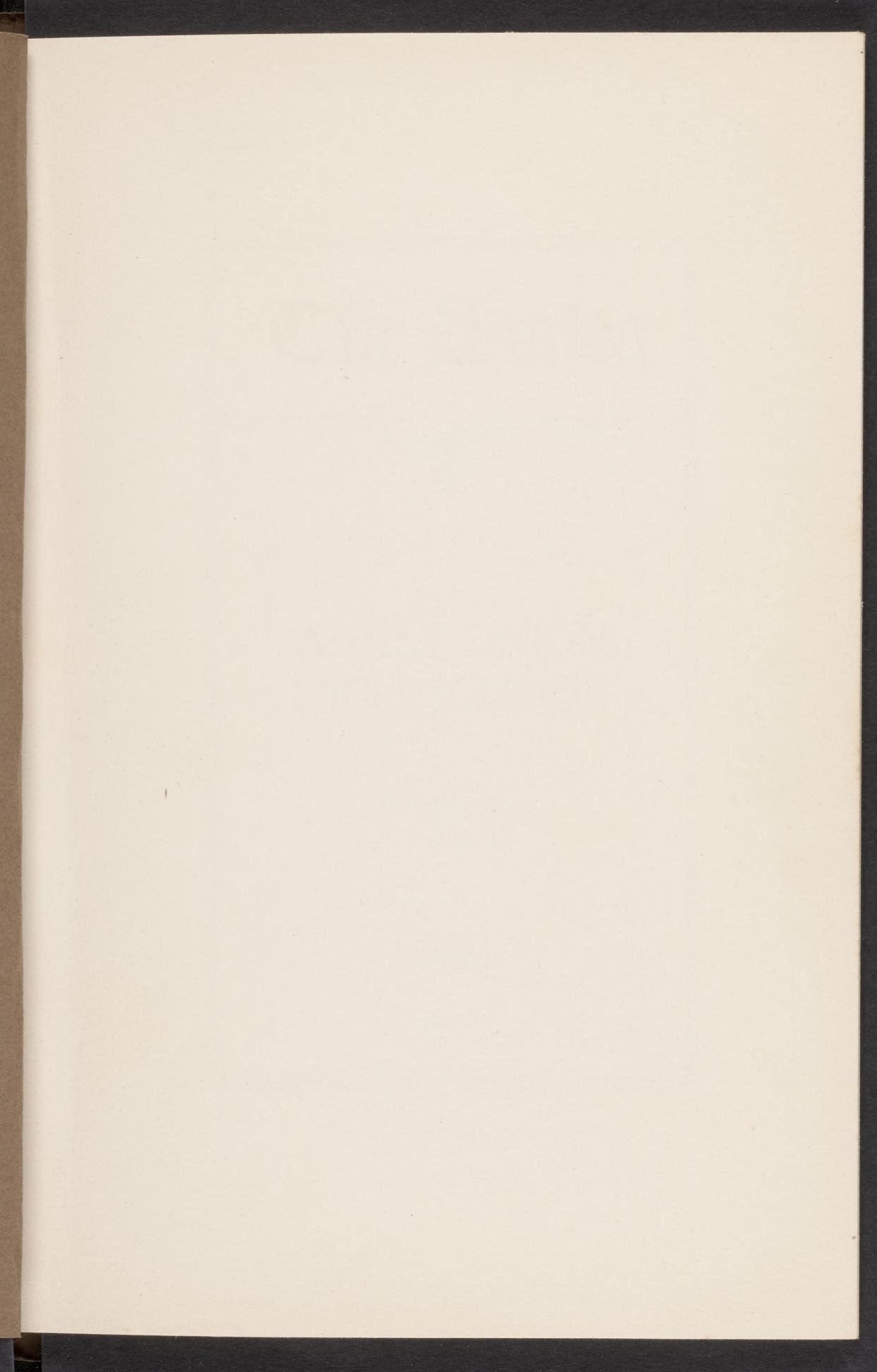


1921









BRIDGE 310

The Azalea



ANALY UNION
HIGH SCHOOL

SEBASTOPOL
CALIFORNIA

1921

Dedication

TO THE ALUMNI OF ANALY
this issue of The Azalea is dedicated
by the Associated Student Body of
Analy Union High School.



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Sebastopol, California
1921



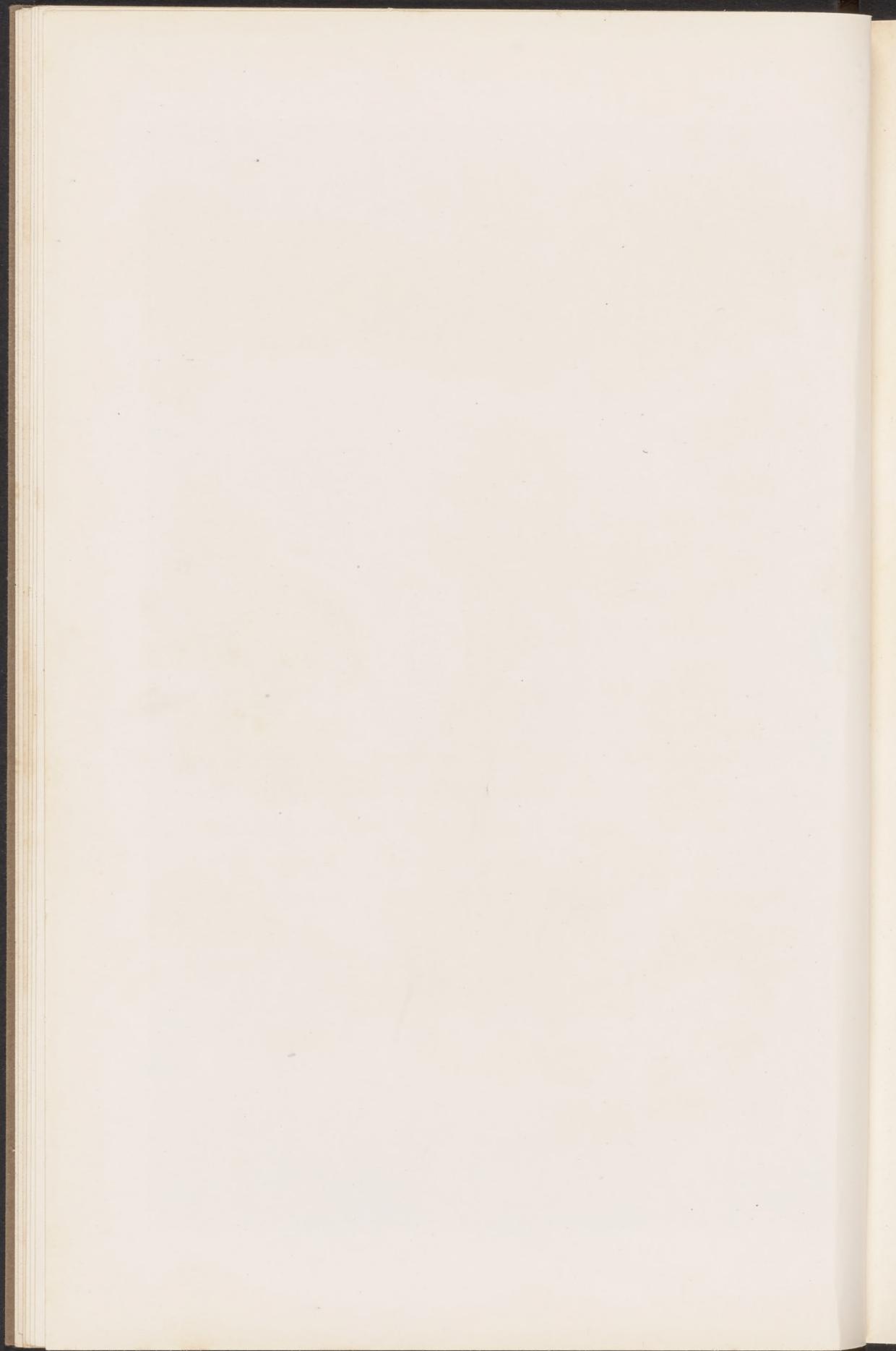
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LITERARY



The Indian Prophecy

By MARTHA HANEGRESS, '24

[FIRST AWARD]



O ONE in the little Indian village on the edge of the Mohave Desert knew where Chitani came from. Chitani was very tall and strong, and he had fought in many battles. In the evening around the fire he would tell of his adventures in war and show the scars from the wounds that the foe had given him.

"He must be old, very old," said the wise medicine man, "for he has fought in so many battles and he has had more adventures than one man can get in a hundred summers. The Gods must have given him eternal youth, for a mortal man would have died from so many of those wounds that he has received."

So it was rumored around the village that Chitani had been made immortal by the Gods and that he was hundreds of years old, altho he had the strength and nature of youth.

"No arrow can inflict a death wound upon him," they said, "and no disease can weaken him."

The little children looked upon him as a God and the elders all loved and respected him. But no, not every one loved him and respected him! Ajidauno, a tall, lithe youth, despised him with all the fiery passion of his nature. Ajidauno could see that Agu, the maiden he loved, was slighting him and favoring Chitani, who also wooed her. Secretly in his heart he had long plotted revenge. Believing that he could not kill Chitani he wickedly planned to murder Agu, knowing that her death would grieve Chitani more than anything else in the world, and he could not follow her to the Happy Hunting Grounds.

The summer moonlight was streaming steadily downward, making the sands of the Mohave Desert a dazzling white. Everything was quiet; not even a breeze was stirring.

The wigwams were closed and the Indian village seemed to be sleeping.

Suddenly the flaps on one of the wigwams were cast aside and Ajidauno slipped out into the moonlight so quietly that hardly a sound was made. Turning to the left, he crept into the sagebrush that skirted the village. Out into the night the silvery laughter of an Indian maid rang softly, followed by the deep voice of a warrior. Instantly Ajidauno recognized them as Chitani and Agu. Realizing that his opportunity for revenge had come, Ajidauno fell on his stomach and crept in that direction. As he drew nearer he could hear their voices more distinctly. Soon he was peeping thru the sagebrush and aiming his arrow at the white breast of Agu.

For an instant a wave of his old love for Agu swept over him, but for an instant only, for he fought that down, steadied his hand and pulled the string.

Suddenly all the Indians in the village were awakened by a wild scream which quivered thru the startled air. Quickly everybody ran outside until the village was swarming with Indians, each one yelling or asking questions. Chitani bent over the now still figure of Agu and whispered his farewell to her.

Seeing that Agu was no longer living, Chitani picked up his weapon, a sharp pointed knife, and went to avenge her death. Ajidauno's thoughts had gone no further than the moment of his revenge; he had not planned on escaping from Chitani's vengeance. Hardly daring to breathe, he lay quite still until he saw that Chitani was making straight for the bush from which his arrow flew.

Knowing that he was no match for Chitani, Ajidauno fled toward the village. A short combat was fought after Chitani had overtaken Ajidauno, but soon the latter lay stretched out on the sands, the blood streaming from his chest.

"Oh, Agu! Agu!" cried Chitani, "Thou and I are parted forever. My immortality is but a curse now. Oh, if I were only as easy away from the world as mortal men! If this knife would only end my life as easily as it has ended Ajidauno's! But no longer will I live with other men. No longer will I enjoy the adventures of war. I will only pine and think of you hereafter!"

With that he turned and ran into the desert. The speechless Indians wondered silently at this strange incident.

After burying the two dead bodies, they asked the wise medicine man, who was supposed to know everything, if Chitani would wander about the desert forever and ever.

The wise medicine men stayed in their dark cave many days and nights and when they came out they said:

"The Gods will not make Chitani roam the desert forever. Their gift of immortality is now a curse. When the desert thru which he roams is fertile, Chitani shall go to the Happy Hunting Grounds."

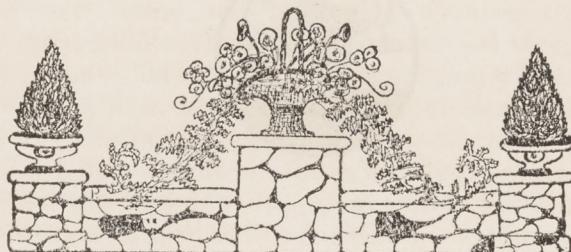
Often, in the night time, the Indians heard long-drawn wails and sighs.

"That is Chitani," they would say. "He is still roaming o'er the desert. But when the desert is fertile he will join Agu."

The legend was handed down from generation to generation and the baying of the coyotes was always thought to be the wailing of Chitani.

Now there are but few Indians in California. Perhaps they do not know this legend, but those that do will probably tell you.

The wailing is no longer heard in the South, for our desert is nearly gone. In the Imperial Valley fertile farms take up every acre. The Colorado river is irrigating the Mohave Desert. The white man might think he is wise and did it all, but the Gods helped him, for they were sorry for Chitani. Now Chitani is joyfully wandering hand in hand with Agu thru the Happy Hunting Grounds.



Sebastopol

(First Prize Poem)

By MILDRED CROSBY, '21

The gentle hills come sloping down
To the very feet of my little town,
And over the valley and far away
The mountains guard her night and day.

At night the moon and her gentle beams
Keep silent watch where the Lagoon gleams
Like a silver thread through the meadows white,
Keep silent watch till the dawn of light.

And thoI I may wander away in time,
Still always you'll keep this heart of mine.
My heart's where the soft green hills slope down
And the mountains guard you, little town.



The Fisherwoman

By HELEN KING
[SECOND AWARD]

A



ND can't ye just remember when he brought her here a dark-eyed bride? Seems like it was jest yesterday."

Well, ye can't be a blamin' Jim; nary a whiter, straighter lad ever tramped these rocks, and it weren't no fault of his that that durn wave washed him plum to sea. He never meant fer Molly ter be livin' in that dark old shack down on them lonesome rocks all these years. N' 'taint right she did, neither; no sir, 'taint right."

"But, captain, ain't we done everything in our power ter get her ter come up on the bay. But no, sir, she ain't goin' ter leave the house Jim built her; it's good enough fer her and it's good enough fer her boys, and them poor little kids, with no education, no fun, no nothin'. That scranny little Dave a sittin' there day in and day out with nary a thing ter break ther monotony. His big, brown eyes so wistful, 'bout breaks my heart every time I go down there; an that Chester, sakes he just scares me clean thru every time he looks at me, so sullen and morose. Some day he—My land, there goes that good fer nothin' Bertolini boy a drivin' his cows right over my vegetables. Seems like a body'd have sense enough to—" Martha's voice floated back to Captain Cris, as she rushed to save her poor garden, the brisk sea wind blowing her clothes around her spare figure and loosening the white hair which was bound in a firm pug at the back of her neck. Captain Cris's eyes twinkled as she descended on the culprits, but shadowed again as he gazed at another figure scarcely discernible on the rocks that rose in a jagged line from the sea that threw and drew its line with the skill of a veteran, and he sorrowfully shook his head as he turned on his way.

Meanwhile the gaunt figure on the rocks continued with her pole and line. The wind flapped a ragged skirt against

her bare, bony legs and the bare feet clung to the rocks with the tenacity of a devil-fish. She wore an old sweater over her worn blouse, but the sweater was frayed and holey as the blouse; her hair hung in uncombed strands about her leathery face, hair that was once black and tidy, now dirty and streaked with white. Hard lines had settled around the straight, firm lips and dark eyes; eyes that looked on all the world with hatred and envy. Who else had suffered as she, whose husband had been washed to sea under their very eyes, and who else had been left with only two helpless boys, a lonely cabin, and a heart that ached so unceasingly that one could only walk the wet shore night after night. She had, and the world blamed her for keeping her crippled Dave and sturdy Chester on that dreary, roaring coast. Yet the sea had taken her husband, and the sea must yield her a living; she would not, she could not leave that calling sea, let the world say what it would.

Skilfully she drew in her line; only a half dozen lay in the basket she caught up from the ground; hardly enough for supper. Well, tomorrow she and Chester would have to go up to the bay and dig clams; Smith Bros. wanted an extra lot this week. Swiftly she swung along homeward. A great bank of fog was rolling in and soon she wouldn't be able to see two feet in front of her. As she neared the cabin, huddled down at the foot of a great rock bank, it looked somewhat strangely dark and forlorn. Why? She couldn't understand. It had always looked that way ever since Jim had gone, yet tonight it seemed to look so much worse. Dave's pinched face was not looking eagerly from his window; he had seemed feverish and dull-eyed this morning. Perhaps, perhaps—nervously she opened the door. All was dark and quiet inside. Quickly she turned to Dave's chair, where he had sat so patiently all his short life, but it was empty; not even the worn blanket was left.

"Chester, Dave," she called, but it only echoed and re-echoed in the emptiness. Turning to the doorway she cupped her hands around her mouth, calling, "Chester—Chester—Chester." No answer, and the thick fog blotting everything from sight; where and how had they gone? Molly turned and started for the road that led along the top of the cliffs. Her eyes were flashing dangerously, her mouth was drawn in a grim line. It was dark and her clothes were ringing wet

with fog and perspiration when she reached the road and started doggedly tramping to the bay.

Early that afternoon a sturdy lad with brown eyes had tramped that road, weighted down with a big bundle wrapped in a worn old blanket. Not once did he stop to rest, and often he looked behind him as if fearing some pursuer. "We can't stop now, Dave," he said. "See, we're almost ter ther bay; we kin stop at Mis Carlson's there a little, maybe." No answer came from the bundle but a weary moan. Anxiously Chester bent and peered down at the flushed little face. The eyes were closed and the mouth was drawn in pain. "Yer a goin' ter have er doctor, Dave, n'mother can't get yer neither, and we ain't a comin' back. Then I guess she'll be sorry."

It was nearly two hours later when he knocked at the cheerful little home of Martha Carlson. A big lamp stood in the middle of the table and he could see "Mis Carlson" getting supper, cheerily singing all the time, her white hair bound in a firm knot at the back of her neck. Her song came to an abrupt end as she opened the door. "Well, my land, if it ain't Chester. What's the matter? Molly send you up for somethin'? What's that you got in there—fish? Land, what a way ter carry them! Come in; come in, the kitchen's all a coolin' off."

"No, mum, mother never sent me, an' this ain't fish; it's Dave. He's awful sick n'mother won't have no doctor, so I'm a takin' him away," and he looked at her in sullen defiance.

"Well, land, and you toted that little kid all the way up here all by yourself! Lord, won't Molly have a tanterum! Well, this is one time when we're goin' ter put one over on Molly, Chester, me n'you. Here, give me that poor criture. Land, he don't weigh more n'ounce, does he? Now, while I fix up a little you run down an' tell Capt'n Cris I want him—quick, see? Now run." But when they came back, Chester and Captain Cris, Martha had put in her big dressing sack and he was greedily eating from a big bowl of bread and milk. "Wasn't nothin' in the world the matter with him 'cept bein' starved and neglected; now Capt'n Cris, I think we're a goin' ter need yer help if Molly comes down in one of her tanterums, an' I for one ain't goin' ter let these kids go back ter that half crazed woman. Now don't yer argue with me, Capt'n

Cris. Jest do as I tell you, an' let that soft heart of yourn melt clean away."

Nervously they seated themselves about the cheery kitchen to wait for Molly while Dave dozed off peacefully in the big comfortable bed. Martha and Capt'n Cris found their courage ebbing when at last Molly's knock sounded at the door, but Chester drew himself up his full 13-year-old height as he flung open the door. There stood his monther, a picture of fury with her ragged garments dripping, her bare arms and legs red and purple from the cold, hair hanging in limp strings, her whole figure tense and her eyes ablaze.

Slowly she opened her lips, "Get David and hurry up." But Chester did not move a fraction of an inch, or even so much as bat an eye.

"Well, you Martha and Cris, you think your're pretty smart, don't you; but if you'll be so kind as to show me where Dave is we'll not be bothering you any longer. "Dave," she called, "Dave," and Dave thus rudely awakened called in a querulous voice, "Chester, Chester, it's mother. Quick, she's after us—she'll ketch us and then she'll beat us," and the pitiful little voice ended in a long wailing cry.

Suddenly a mask seemed to drop from Martha's face, leaving it free of all its hard lines, and with a pitiful catch in her voice she brushed past Chester into the bedroom. Long they heard her low voice crooning and comforting, and with misty eyes Martha and Captain Cris slipped out of the door and left Molly alone with her boys and Jim's!

The little hut still stands among the rocks and the breakers beat and foam against the cliffs calling, calling us ever, but there is no answer from the hut.



The Golden Crescent

By JENESSE KING
[THIRD AWARD]

A I CHOY, son of Lee Foo, raised his heavy eyes to Lo Hun, keeper of the Incense Room. Softly he spoke, but clearly. "To enter the room—death. Should I return to my Yuen brothers without the Crescent, Death? To you, O Lo Hun, I offer the jewels of our king—sapphires, diamonds, rubies, pearls, gold—." Lo Hun stopped Ai Choy by a movement of his hand. "The Golden Crescent," he said slowly, "is not for the Yuen tong. Well I know of the Crescent's magical worth, besides its great beauty and moneyed value. No member of the Yuen tong may enter the Incense Room of its rival tong, the Hop You. Nor can jewels or gold tempt its keeper, Lo Hun. Death it means to you to enter the room, Ai Choy. Death it means should you return without the Crescent to your Yuen brothers. O, Ai Choy, kneel to Buddha and pray for thy life, for Ai Choy does not enter the Incense Room." A smile tipped the corners of Lo Hun's mouth upwards as he thrust the heavy bolt thru the iron door in Ai Choy's face.

Many years gone by, Lee Foo, president of the Yuen tong, had won from Kangste, the devil's robber, the Golden Crescent. Kangste had come from the bowels of China, and with him had come the Golden Crescent. The history of the Crescent was a tale of robbery and murder, for its magic had been a story of wonder since Eye Sing, the mighty ruler of the Empire. Lee Foo, president of the great Yuen tong, had won the Crescent. Kangste had disappeared. Now the Yuen tong had kept the Crescent for half a century, for it was always well guarded. Ai Choy, son of Lee Foo, was the youngest guard that had ever watched over the treasure. Then Lee Foo, who was old and weak, was taken ill, and as he lay on his pallet, the Golden Crescent was stolen by the Hop You tong.

The members of the Yuen tong appeared before Lee Foo and demanded that he send his worthless son to the Hop You's to bring back the Crescent. Lee Foo, weakened by illness and frightened by the wrath of his subjects, commanded Ai Choy to recover the Crescent, or die. As the mumbling Yuens heard him pronounce these words to his trembling son, Lee Foo, president of the tong, crumpled up in his pallet and lay still.

After Lee Foo's death Ai Chop set out to the Hop You tong. Stealing to the keeper's side he begged entrance to the Incense Room, but Lo Hun repulsed him in anger. Lo Hun was old and wise, and knew Ai Choy. The Golden Crescent had not been in the hands of the Hop Yous long, and they intended to keep it. Ai Choy turned away from the barred iron door with drooping shoulders. His tong remained to be faced, and, without the Crescent—it was not pleasant to think about. Have the Crescent he must, and his staggering courage must carry him through.

In the opium rooms of the Hop You tong next day a new opium-toaster squatted. The men in the room lay sleeping, breathing in the stagnant opium smoke. The opium-toaster went from one to another, offering the pipes. Such had been his work all day, toasting and offering the opium. Now, as the sun's last rays weakly filtered through the heavily draped windows, he padded softly across the room and went out. None of the smokers noticed his departure.

Lo Hun yawned lazily beside the open door of the Incense Room. The last worshipper had just filed out from bowing before the great idol. As Lo Hun stepped inside the room to look about, his eyes blinked queerly and a wan smile played over his solemn features. He glanced upwards at Buddha and at the Golden Crescent, that reared itself upon the statue's head, shining and glowing, its jewels sparkling flames. Lo Hun prostrated himself before the idol for a moment and then rose slowly, walking backwards with his eyes fixed upon the Crescent. Then crossing the threshold of the door, he took his enormous key and turned it in the lock.

Inside the Incense Room the long oil tapers flickered, ghost like. The shadows flung themselves about the room in fantastic figures and shapes. Heavy silken paintings covered the walls of the room, dragons and tigers—the power of spirit and the forces of nature. One dragon, beautifully painted, covered the wall in back of Buddha. Thru the center

of the hanging was thrust a Mongol dagger, the hilt encrusted with stones.

Suddenly from a darkened corner, behind a gigantic Chow win rolled a figure. Rising, jerking his head, he gazed about him. The Buddha's half-closed eyes seemed to smile down upon him. The figure sensed the uncanniness and shuffled uneasily. Then walking slowly towards the idol he stepped up on the raised platforms where the statue rested. A small stool procured, he balanced himself upon it and fearfully thrust his hand upwards towards the Golden Crescent.

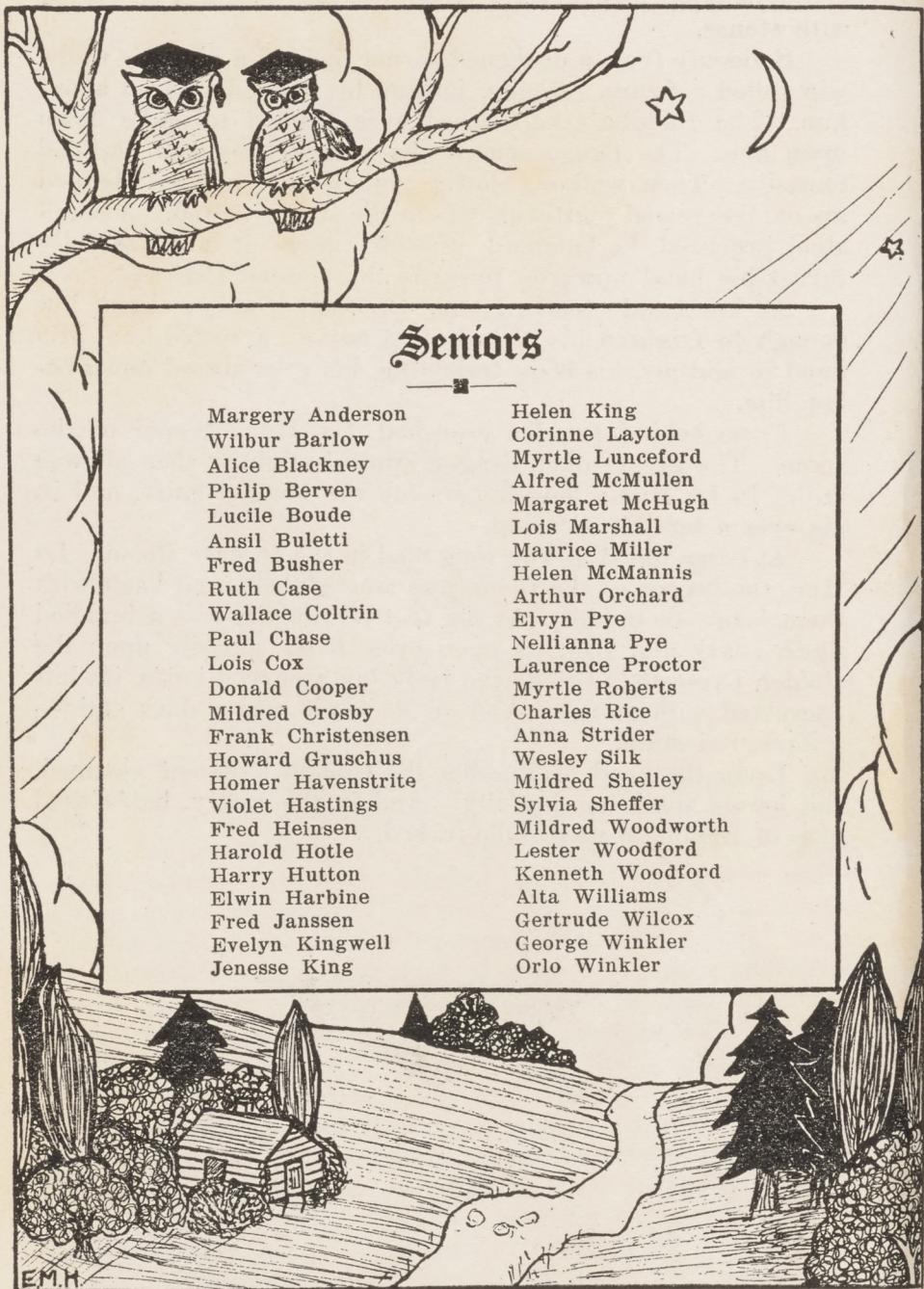
As his hand touched the Crescent a noise, slight, but enough to frighten his already taut nerves, arrested him. His hand in mid air, his body trembling, his eyes stared down below him.

From behind Buddha crouched Lo Hun, keeper of the room. The great silken dragon swayed slightly, then all was still. In Lo Hun's long fingers lay the Mongol knife, and in his eyes a terrible gloating. * * * * *

At dawn the Hop You tong filed in the Incense Room. Lo Hun, the keeper of the room, was among them, and knelt with them before their idol. At the feet of Buddha was a huddled figure, dark and still, its open eyes fixed glassily upon the Golden Crescent. Beside the body lay a curved knife, its hilt encrusted with stones. And on its blade was a dark stain—a dark, red stain.

Upon the head of Buddha the Golden Crescent gleamed, the jewels sparkling joyfully. And in the weary, half-closed eyes of Buddha a wise smile lurked.







GEO. WINKLER, Azalea Editor

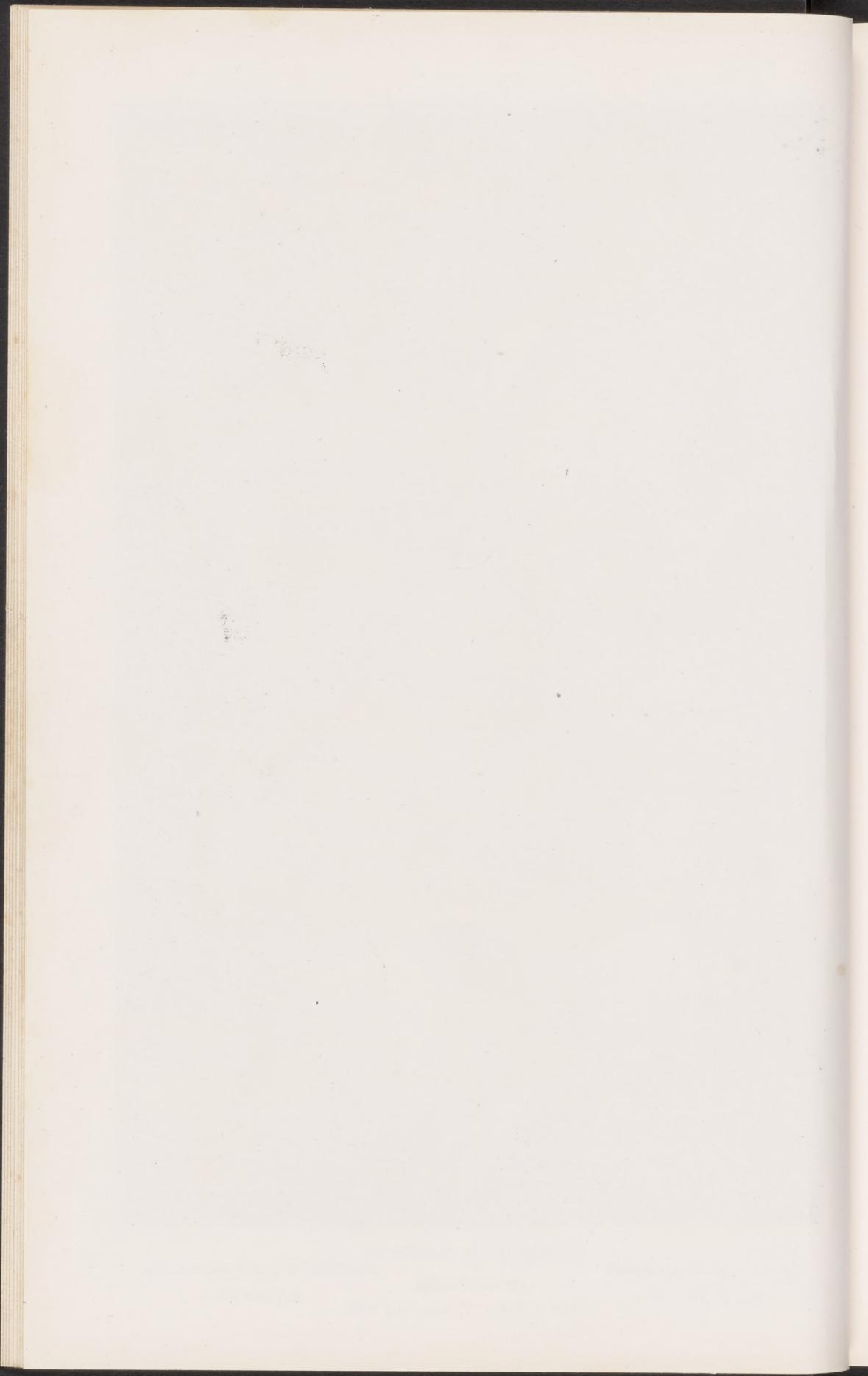
VIOLET HASTINGS

HAROLD HOTLE, Senior Class Pres.

ANNA STRIDER
WILBUR BARLOW, Student Body Treas.

MAURICE MILLER, Student Body Pres.

JENESSE KING

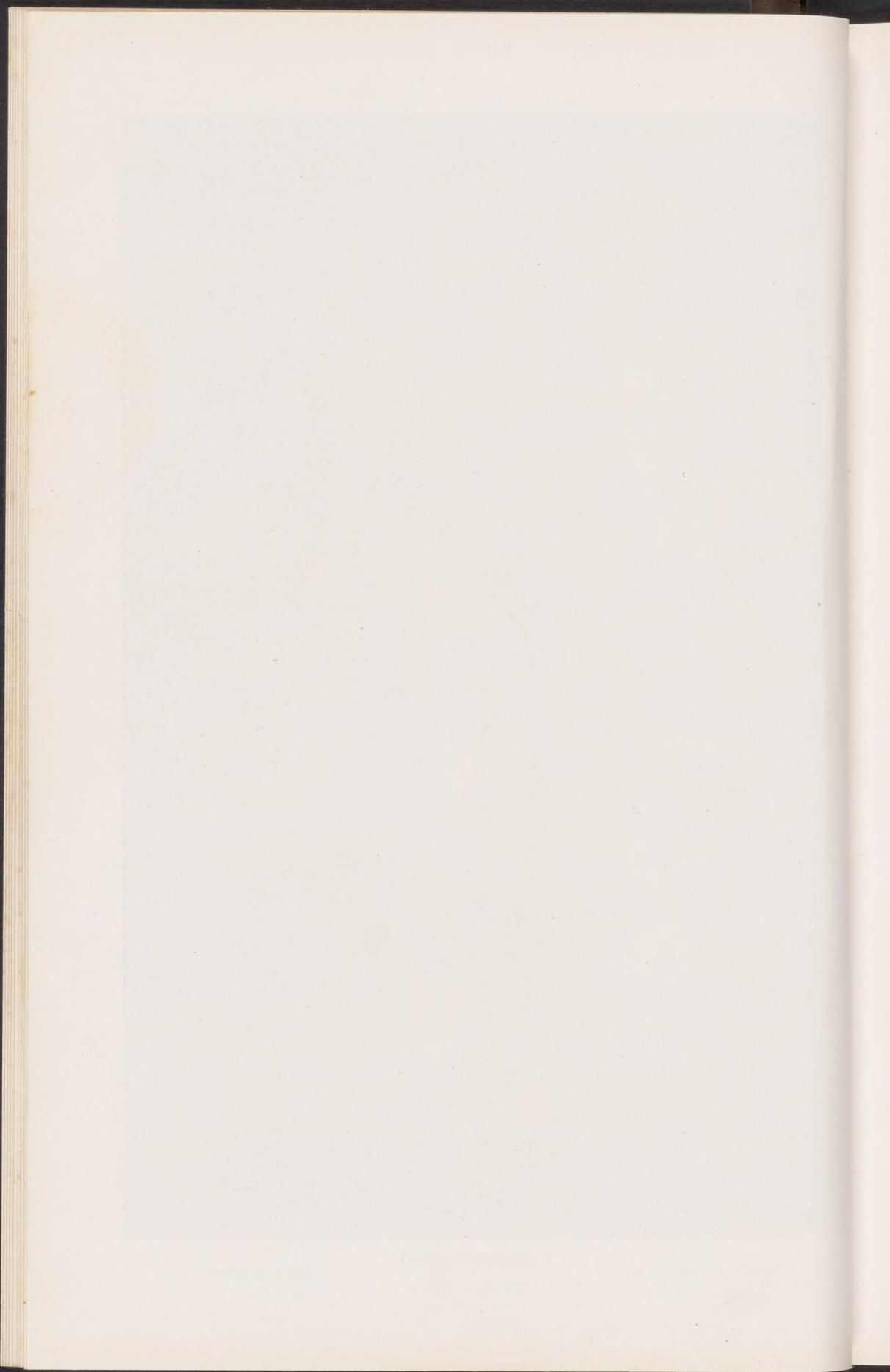




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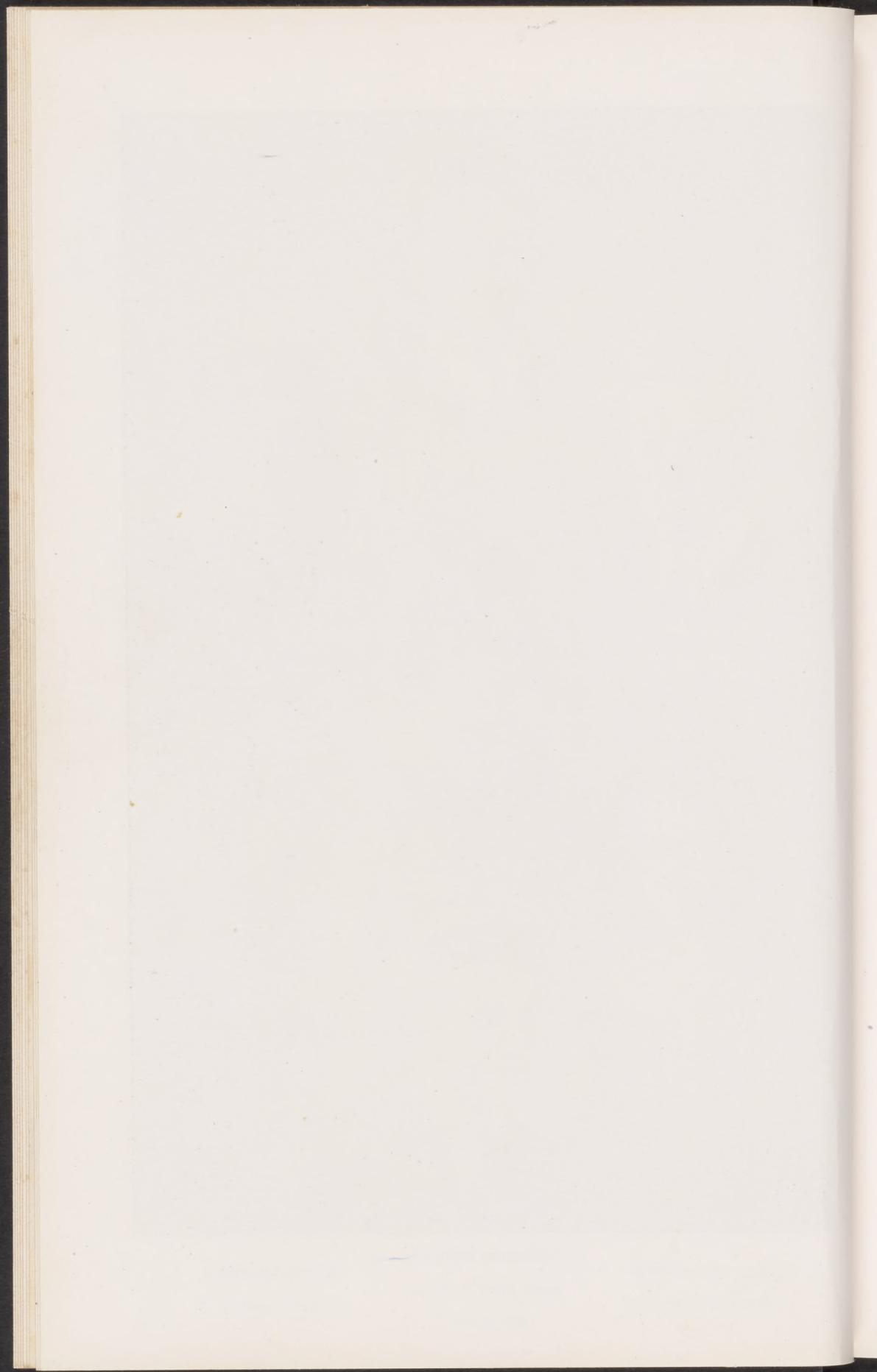


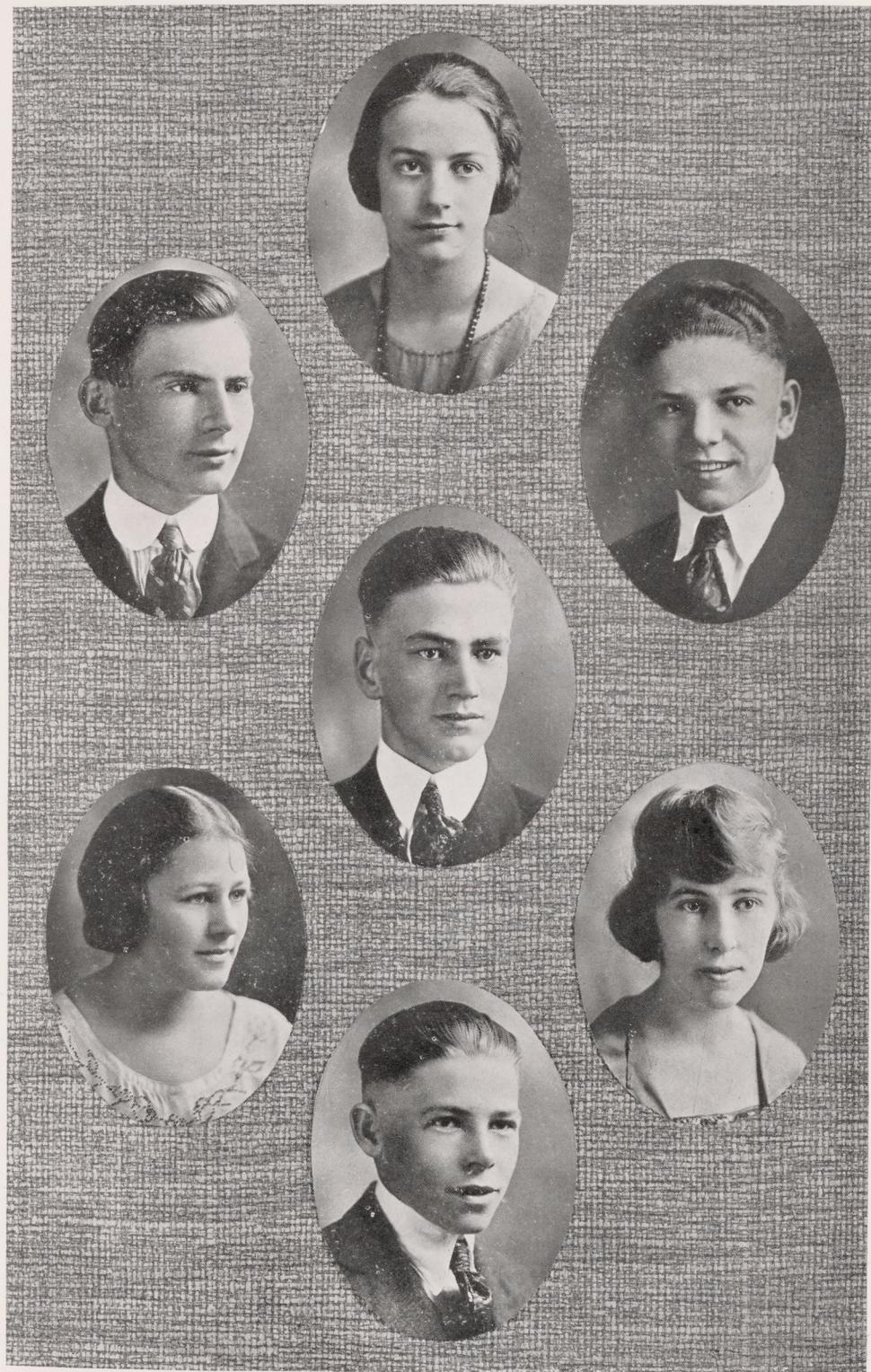


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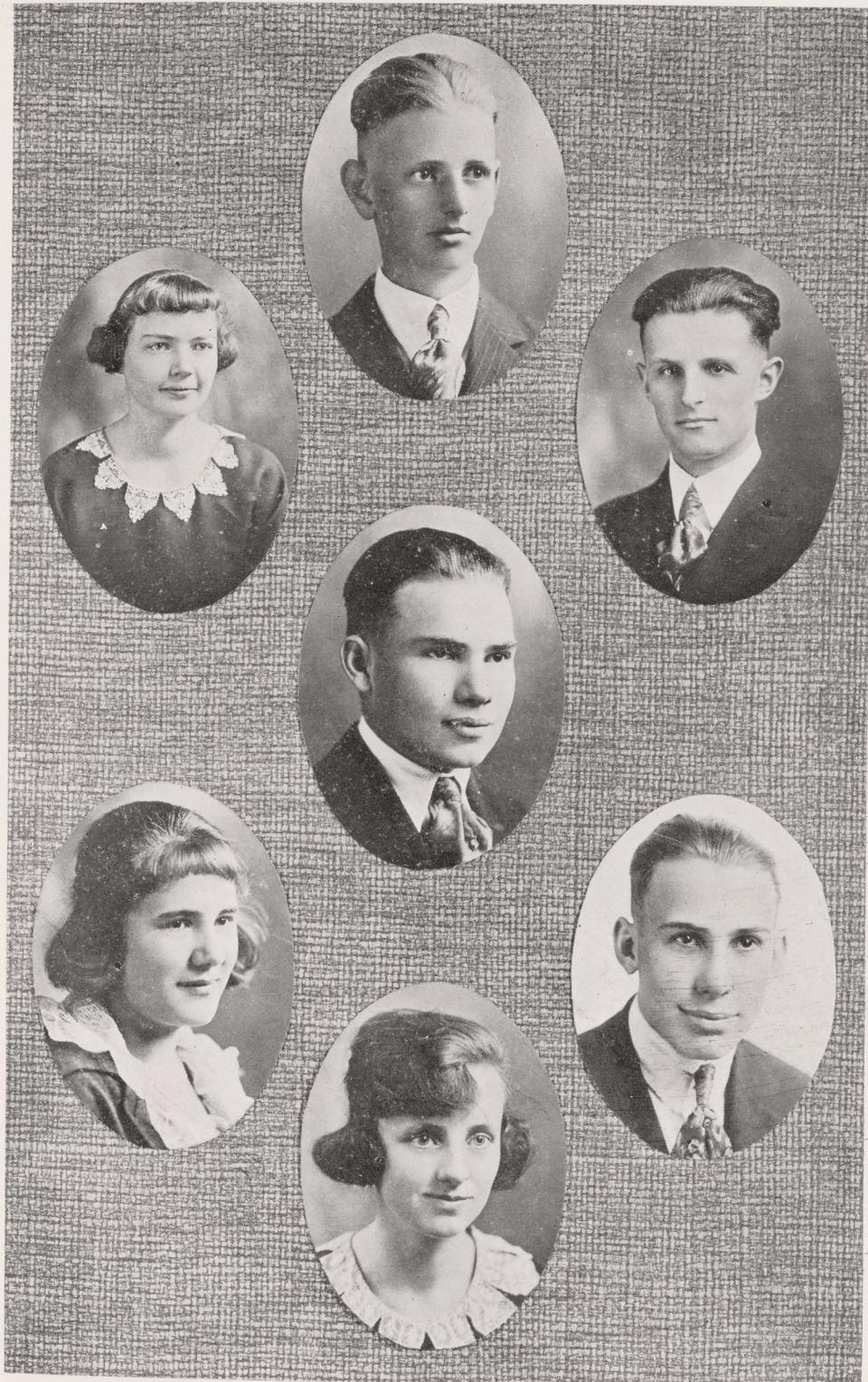




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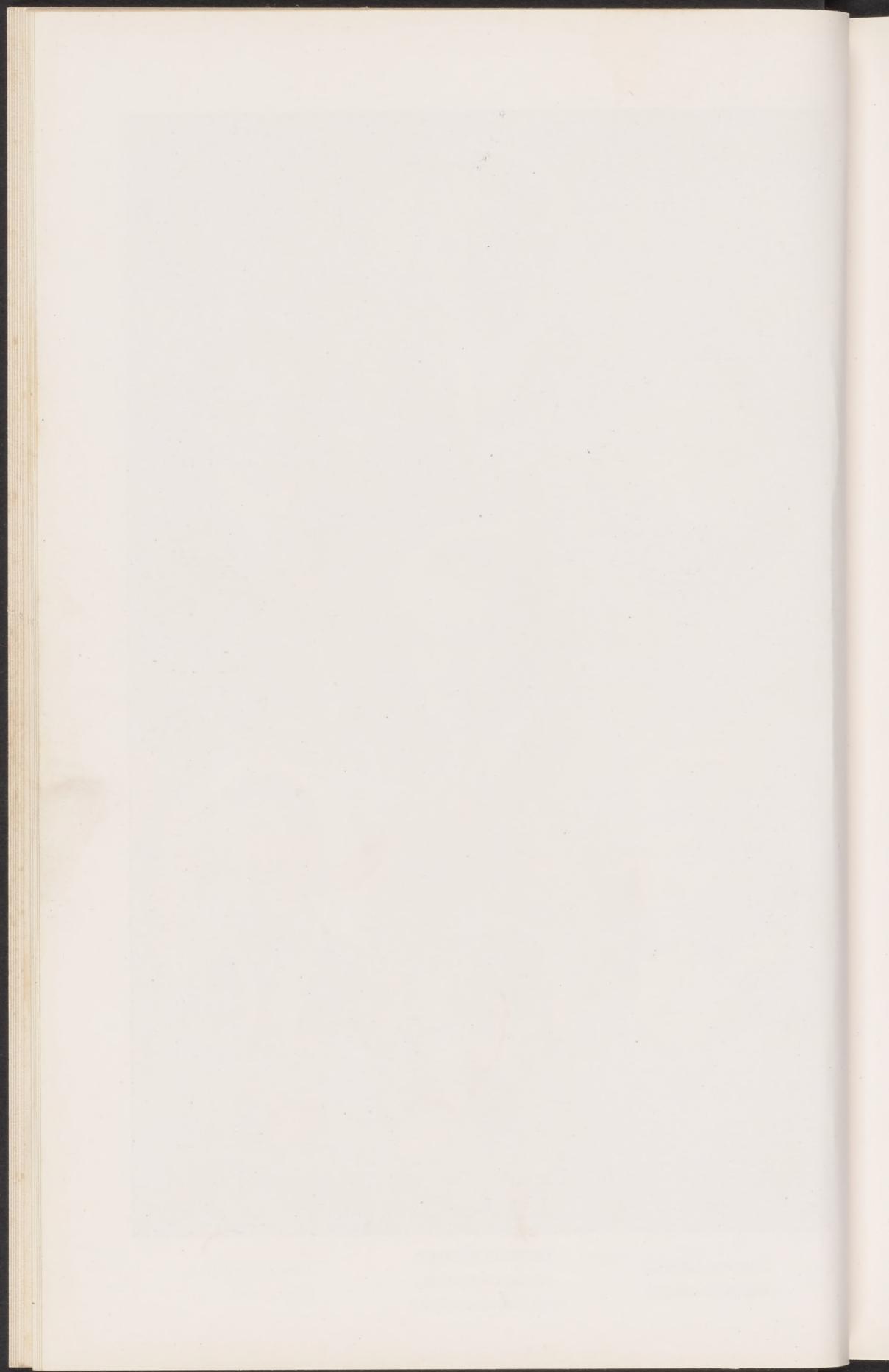
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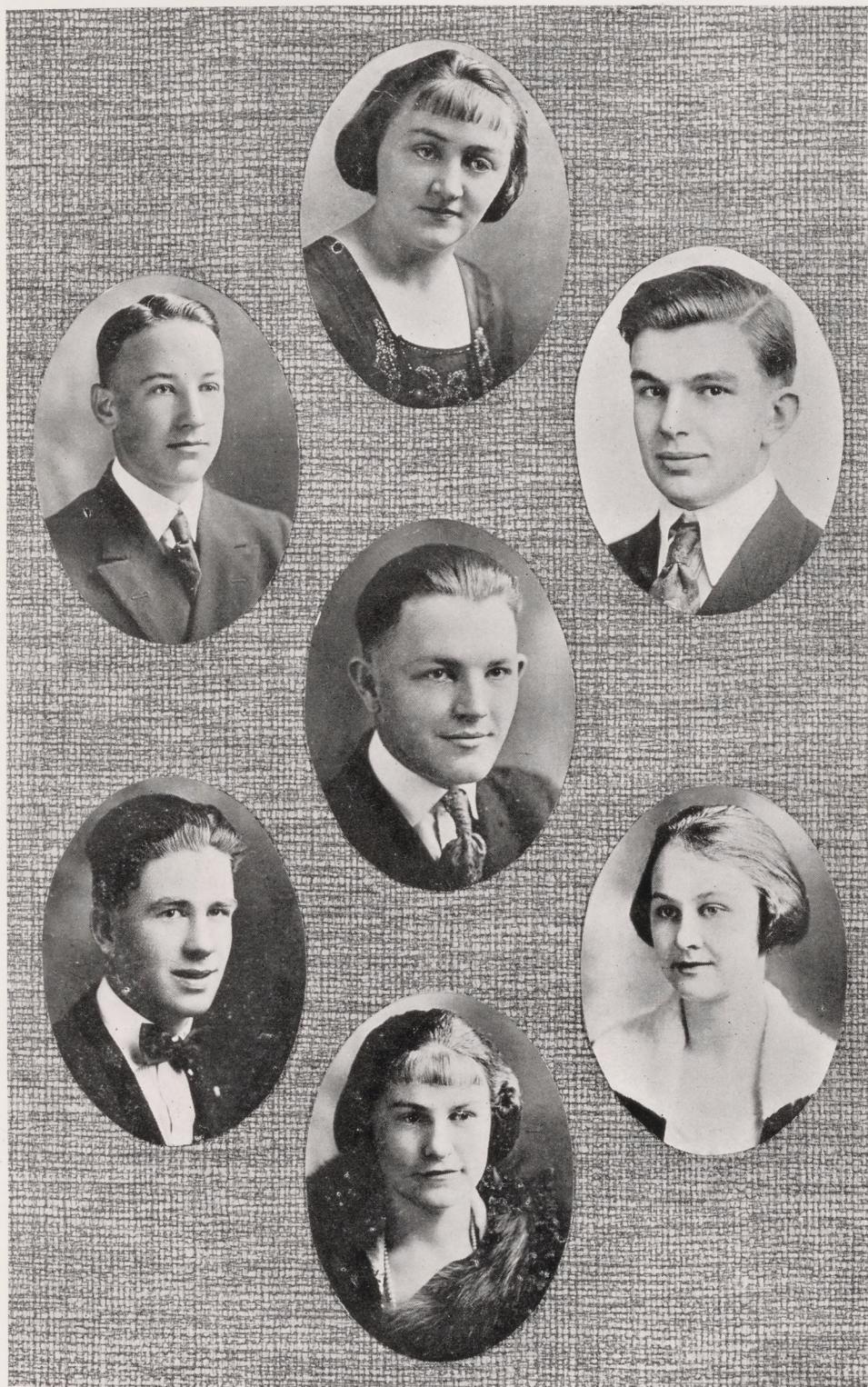


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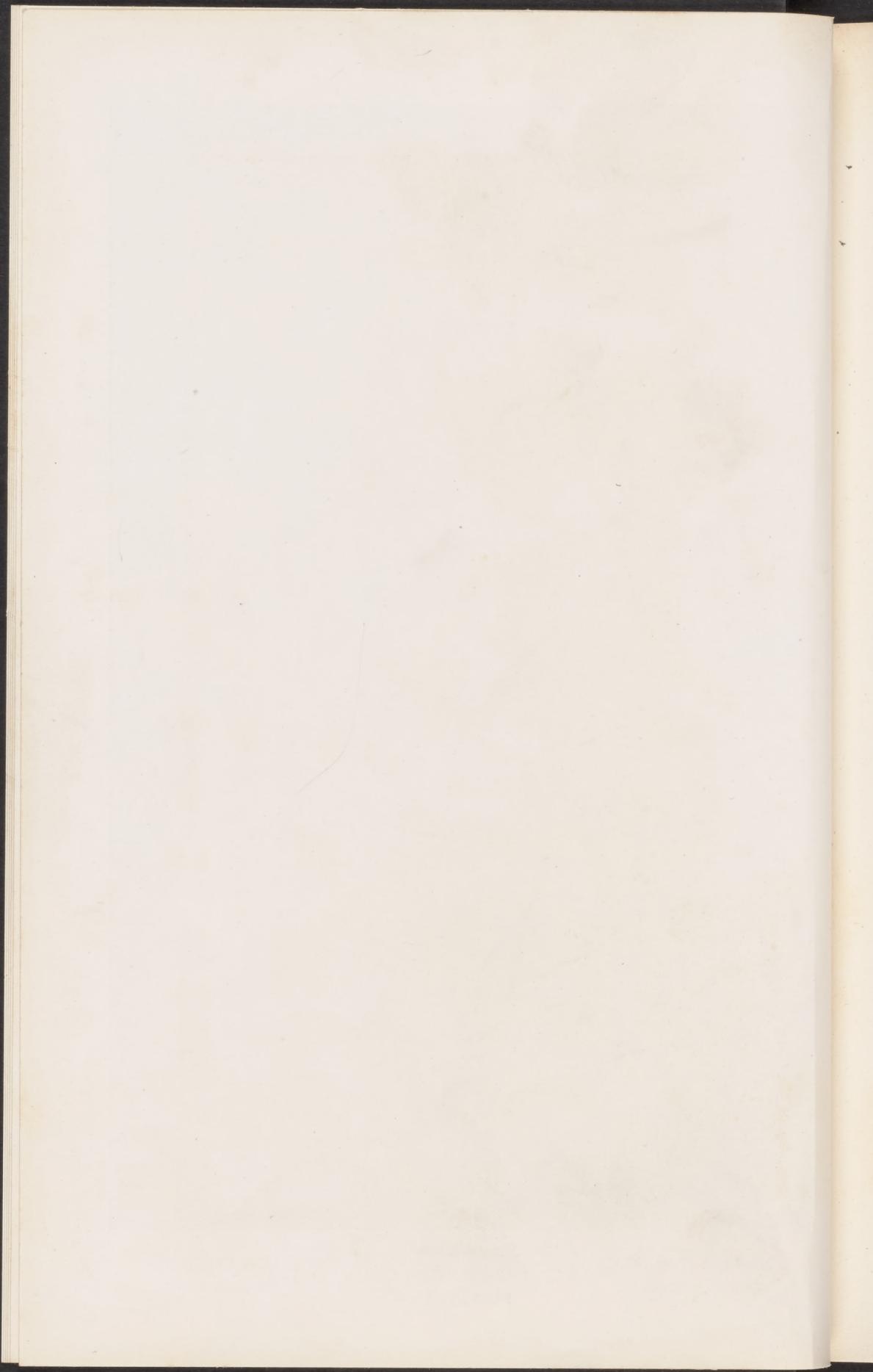




HOMER HAVENSTRITE
GERTRUDE WILCOX

LUCILE BOUDE
MILDRED SHELLEY
FRED JANSEN

HELEN KING
ORLO WINKLER



Horoscope

Arranged by
HELEN McMANNIS

NAME	NICKNAME	OCCUPATION	FAVORITE FLOWER	CAUSE OF DEATH	WHO THEY ARE	FAVORITE SAYINGS	FAVORITE SONGS	
							A flirt	But listen
Margery . . .	Marge	Curling her hair . .	Forget-me-not	Primping	A diplomat	You don't say so	I'll Wait for You.	Margie.
Wilbur	Bill	Studying	Ladies' slippers	Treasury reports	A chauffeur	Aw, come on, now.	Oh, By Jingo.	
Philip	Swede	Bumming	Thistle	Running in low	Spanish shark	You're crazy	Do You Ever Think of Me?	
Alice	Jonesy	Driving . . . a student-baker.	Gladiolus	Tattling	A movie actress	Now listen	Oh, Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?	
Lucile	Lucy	Making collars and cuffs sets.	Orange blossoms	Blowout	Babe Ruth	Oh, boy!	When You're One Little Mile From Home.	
Ansil	Ans	Hitting the pill . . .	Snowball	Home run	A great debater	Well, I know, but—	Let the Rest of the World Go Dry.	
Fred B.	Red	Analy's Fire Department.	Myrtle	Preaching	A "reel," senorita	Oh, kid!	My Little Bimbo.	
Ruth	Rufus	Telling jokes	Mission bells	Spanish village	A dandy	I don't get that joke.	Japanese Sandman.	
Arnold	Colt	Star gazing	Cactus	Girls	A comedian	When do we eat?	Apple Blossom Time.	
Paul	Chasericks	Pinching	Buttercup	Eating	Econ. teacher	Now, you do it Avolon.		
Lois C.	Lo	Sewing	Lotus blossom	Study	What do we do next?	Nobody Knows How Dry I Am.		
Donald	Don	Public speaking	Marguerites	A good cause	I know where you got your necktie.	They're All Sweeties.		
Mildred	Robbie	Flirting	Moon flower	Boys	A history shark	Tell Me, Little Gypsy.		
Frank	Frankie	Making 62 words a minute.	No special one — any type.	Triping	Jack Dempsey	Seven come eleven Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here.		
Howard	Grusches	Chewing gum	Gladiator	Boxing	A navigator	10 Men on a Dead Man's Chest.		
Homer	Havvy	Keeping his hair slick.	Lazy man's grass.	Hanging out the study hall window				

[Horoscope continued on following page]

Horoscope [Continued]

NAME	NICKNAME	OCCUPATION	FAVORITE FLOWER	CAUSE OF DEATH	WHO THEY ARE THINK THEY ARE	FAVORITE SAYINGS	FAVORITE SONGS
Violet	Betty	Nothing	Arbutus	Speaking before the public, Presence of mind	Studio student . . .	I'll tell the world . . .	Grieving for You.
Fred H.	Freddy	Swearing	Honeysuckle	Some big bug . . .	Will There Be Any Stars in My Crown?	Feather Your Nest.	
Harold	Hod	Crabbing	Peach blossoms . . .	A big hit	Gee, I got a kick out of that.	In My Harem.	
Harry	Hut	Dancing	Red, red rose . . .	Captain of a ship	When I was in Alaska.	Yo! Ho! You, My Lad.	
Elwin	Harbuck	Talking	Sea flower	Telling yarns . . .	An artist	Hold her, Deacon It's All Over Now.	
Fred J.	Freddie	Barber	Wall flower	Hair tonic	Miss Burroughs . . .	Oh, heck!	A Good Man Is Hard to Find.
Evelyn	Ev	Sleeping	Sunflower	Shorthand	Billie Burke	Have you heard the latest scandal?	Raspberry
Jenese	Tess	Jumping hurdles	"Point" setta . . .	Her own jokes . . .	A genuine man hater.	Hiruwaitha's Melody of Love.	
Helen K.	King	Queening	Batchelor button . . .	Men	A sewing teacher	Have you got your I Hate to Lose English?	
Corinne	Cream	Talking to boys . . .	English holly . . .	English IV	A baseball player	Go chase yourself Moon Winks.	
Myrtle	Myrt.	Doesn't know such a word.	A sky blue pink . . .	Econ.	Mr. Baker	Say, where do you La Veeda.	
Fred M.	Mc.	Amusing the class.	Mullen pinks	Trig.	Taxi driver	get that stuff? Oh, Gosh!	Algiers.
Margaret.	Maggie Jiggs	Running a Ford . . .	Four o'clocks . . .	Fording chuck holes.	A good cook	He will soon be home.	Bring Back My Charlie to Me.
Lois M.	Oie	Writing letters . . .	Lillies of the valley.	Waiting	President Harding	For Me and My Gal.	Any announcements today?
Maurice.	Maureece.	Kidding 'em along	Tulips	Constancey	Authorress	My stars!	Tender and True.
Helen Mc	Helen.	Housekeeping	"Jack" - in the pulpit.	Overwork			

Horoscope [Continued]

NAME	NICKNAME	OCCUPATION	FAVORITE FLOWER	CAUSE OF DEATH	WHO THEY ARE	FAVORITE SAYINGS	FAVORITE SONGS
Arthur...	Art.....	Love games	Golden " red"	Speaking before assembly.	Tennis fan	Watch my dust ..	All the World Will Be Jealous of Me. O-H-I-O.
Nellie...	Nellie.....	Primping	Morningglory	Dancing	An angel	Good night	
"Sun",	"Sun",	Running a jitney	Baby-blue eyes ..	Broken hearts ..	Elvyn Pye	Now, I think— ..	Taxi.
Elynn...	Elynn.....	Making eyes	Pansies	A Soph's blue eyes	A heart breaker ..	Hot dog!	Wait for the Wagon.
Laurance.	Proctor...	Reading	Apple blossom ...	Basket ball	A poetess	Oh, lands!	Take Me to That Land of jazz.
Myrt....	Myrt.....	Track	California poppy ..	Mile race	World's greatest mile runner.	We got to win	I Love You Truly.
Myrtle R.	Charlie.....	Parading down Junior Row.	Sweet "William"	"Blues",	A French teacher	My man!	Kiss Me Again.
Charles..	Annie.....	Talking to girls.	Monkey flower ..	Miss Davis	Cupid	Oh listen, girls!	I'm a Jazz Baby.
Anna....	Sister.....	Singing	"Mayflower"	Shipwreck	Galli-Curci	Gee whiz!	
Wesley...	Priscilla.....	Singing "Bars"	Black-eyed Susans	Falling into pits..	Miss L. Davis	Love is Life.	
Mildred..	Shebah.....	Talking his head off.	Bleeding hearts ..	Bobbie	Wallace Reid	Oh, heck!	Old Pal.
Sylvia....	Les.....	Keeping quiet ..	Acacia	Hearty laughter ..	A pie man	Misterioso!	Chile Bean.
Lester...	Ken.....	Keeping track of Lawson.	Pond lily	Sophs	A professional knitter.	You poor ham	Lena Was the Queen of Palestina
Kenneth..	Gert.....	Remembering car book.	"Car" nations ..	Writing	Teacher's pet	Oh, hecktergraph	
Gertrude.	Toddie.....	Catching "flys".	Violets	Junior girls	Bronco Bill	You poor nut	I'm Going to Tell On You.
Alta....	George...	Jazzing the Sax.	Salvia	He looked in the mirror.	Fatty Arbuckle ..	Aw, now you quit!	When Tommy Comes Marching Home.
George...	Porgie....	Tub.....	Ragging the scale	Syncopated music	Cleopatra	When Elvin and I get to go to India	Analy Will Shine Tonight.
Orio....	Mildred..					When I teach music.	Kiss a Miss Home. Sweet Home

The Bluebird's Song

(Second Prize Poem)

By GERTRUDE WILCOX

A bluebird sang his song to me
From the lowest branch of the almond tree.
He sang of love and lands afar,
He told me to follow my guiding star.
Then he spread his wings and flew away;
He left in my heart one shining ray.
Hope and the guiding star are mine,
For love, and beauty, and the star will shine.

Class Prophecy

ORLO WINKLER

[Assisted by]

LESTER WOODFORD

ES, I was dreaming. The dream was of my High School days and I had just been elected class president. I looked at the calendar—June 10, 50C'21. It gave me great joy to dream that dream, but I must realize that I am in my 68th year. The thoughts of C'21 always refresh my brain. What does it mean? Listen and I will tell you that oft-repeated story—

“Fifty years ago from this date it was June 10, 1921, A. D. The sages of the times realized that the numbers were out of date and cumbersome; and in honor of the graduating classes of '21 A. D. the years thereafter were numbered from C'21. Fifty years have passed. What has happened to that glorious class? Have they made good—or were they like the rest of their preceding classes? It is my duty to find out. But a massive obstacle arises in my mind. Where shall I begin and how shall I do it?

“YO! HO! TUB! I've got a bear cat that beats your High School heap a mile. I just received shipment of the latest results of the ‘International Intellectual Evolution.’ Come on out and go for a demonstration in my new revised Ford.”

It was “Doc” that called me—during the last 20 years I never called him anything but “Doc.” But speaking of high school classmates I might say that his real name is Dr. Lester M. Woodford, M. D., Px Rzu—world renowned. Lucky fellow! During the great intellectual evolution he discovered and proved to the greatest scientists that all diseases have their origin from ingrown toenails. He received the coveted “Bohunk” prize for his troubles and now lives at ease at his chateau at Moline. He is posted on outside news and the idea struck my wanting cerebrum that “Doc” would help me find my classmates.

I raced outside to look at his new contraption—perfect

streamlines, pleasing odor, impression of strength and power, comfort and ease, speed, and more speed.

"That is a wonderful machine you have, "Doc," said I.

"Oh!" he replied, "You don't know the wonderful part of this machine. Outside appearances betray nothing. That pleasing, sweetened odor you perceive in the air is the ultra vapor waves of D.C. H. H. solution. This solution is one of the marvels of the intellectual revolution. Any moving object saturated by this solution is released from all the laws of gravitation, motion and centrifugal force. Keep this in mind and you will understand and appreciate it later. Run inside and get your tooth brush and shoe horn and we will go for a trip around the world."

What could be sweeter? Without any effort on my part he had proposed the idea.

All set! Let's go!

We had drifted on at 80 miles per hour and as we arrived at the outskirts of the great metropolis of Sebastopol the car was stopped instantaneously without jar or discomfiture; for "Doc" had recognized a strange "hombre." He appeared to be about eight feet tall, but in reality he was not. We found out later that his real height, stocking feet, was 7 ft. 113-9 in. He was without doubt bent on catching an unruly hen that had escaped from the hen pasture. After close scrutiny, I recognized him—it was "Swede" Philip Berven. He invited us in and fed us on hen fruit. These eggs were different from those I had previously partaken of and he explained to us the theorem whereby he had bred his chickens to produce the marvel of the ages. It was patented stock—patented June 10, 46, C'21.

We decided to visit Analy, in the metropolis of Sebastopol. As we entered the front door we were accosted with the familiar sight of a dictionary, presented to the school by the Class of '21. That was all that was familiar. The rest of the school had since been changed. A new granite building covered the entire campus.

On entering we heard a familiar laugh. We could not be mistaken. It was Sylvia's laugh. In quest of the source we wandered through the halls and marveled at the improvements. We gazed at the frieze and bringing our eyes to earth we were face to face with astonished Sylvia Sheffer. Chaucer's tales were under her arm, and a pencil was behind her

ear. It was easy to understand that she was a pedagogue. She was glad to see us and at that moment she was in an extreme state of happiness. The cause was forthcoming. She gushed out the news of large dividends from her stock of Janssen and Co. open air tonsorial parlors, incorporated under the laws of Montana.

Assembly was in progress. Without looking on the rostrum we walked to the rear and seated ourselves. The lecture was on revised Jazz poetry, by the woman who had made it famous. That bobbed hair, those green eyes and that pleasing personality could belong to no other than "Bobby" Crosby. The applause was terrifying.

As noon approached we suggested to these distinguished women that we have lunch together so that we might talk over past days. "Doc" mentioned his revised Ford and its marvels. A mite of a chap had been listening to our conversation—

"That's nothing; m'uncle and his partner manufacture that dope."

"Who's your uncle?" said "Doc."

"H. H. stands for Homer Havenstrite. He's m'uncle, and D. C. stands for Donald Cooper, and he's m'uncle's partner."

At the dinner we were informed of the "Janssen" open air tonsorial parlors and decided that that was our next stop. As we were told Fred Janssen had been appointed head city engineer of Monarch, Montana. The board of trustees of Monarch had offered Fred \$50,000 if he could lay out plans for the most beautiful city and get more aristocratic people to live there.

Fred was up a stump for awhile—but every cloud has a silver lining, and one day along happened his old school friend, Fred McMullen. In confidential talk Fred McMullen had confided the secret of his latest invention—a machine which he called the "Freddie," which produced sounds at such high pitch and frequency that the contour hairs of the face and head could not resist the strenuous shock of such frequent vibrations and consequently broke off at the surface of the face.

An idea crept into Fred Janssen's convolusious membrane. He would buy the copyright for the machine, allow only one to be made, open an open-air shaving parlor as elab-

orate as possible. This rare invention would attract the world's attention. People would come from all countries just to feel the results of the "Freddie." Fred McMullen sold the copyright under one condition—that a company would be incorporated, the stockholders being no others than the illustrious members of the class of '21, A. U. H. S. Stock was sold at \$1000 per share to forty-three members of the class of '21.

From this stock Sylvia had just received a 93 per cent dividend.

At 1 o'clock sharp we set out for Monarch, Montana. The corners were negotiated at top speed, bumps were nil and speed was extreme, thanks to the H. H. D. C. solution.

On nearing Monarch the traffic was stupendous and we slackened our speed to 50 miles per. We followed the main flow of the traffic and in one-third hour were at the elaborate "Janssen" tonsorial parlors.

A more magnificent place I never did see. Shade trees were in abundance, forming a canopy over the place of business and the lawn spread beautifully over the entire lot. In the midst of the lawn stood a beautiful fountain and miniature lake where graceful swans floated about on the placid waters.

We stood in line awaiting our turn to be admitted to the parlors. Three hundred people were ahead of us. In exactly five minutes we were in the chairs, of which there are six. In the center of the circle of six chairs was the instrument that drew the crowds to such an insignificant city.

As soon as we were seated in the chair a neat looking young lady approached us to put a cap on our heads to keep the machine from shaking all the hairs off. The young lady was no other than Miss Lois Agnes Cox. Recognizing us she forgot her duty and failed to cover our heads with the necessary cap. The "Freddie" started. In ten seconds we were bald from the neck up, for the wondrous instrument had affected the hair on our heads as well as the hair on our faces.

She did not have time to speak to us then but directed us to the proprietor.

It was the same old Fred. His moustache somewhat disguised him, but by his manner we knew that he was proprietor of the parlors. He wished us to meet our old friends and he took us around to those who were least occupied.

"You will notice how the lawn is kept up," said Fred.
"Let me show you the man who is responsible for it."

He pointed westward and we saw there "Bill" (Jiggs) Barlow directing one of his subordinates in the art of regulating a nozzle on the end of a hose. The subordinate we recognized as the Hon. George Richmond Winkler. Instead of recognizing us and giving us the glad hand they gave us the royal Ha! Ha! for there was no more hair on our heads than grows on B. B.

We congratulated "Bill" on the work that George had been doing and meandered on to meet other acquaintances.

We went to the entrance and Fred hollered for two policemen.

The two soon appeared and started to handcuff us.

"What is the charge against these two convicts?" said the policemen, whom we recognized as Mr. Elvyn Pye and Mr. Charles Rice.

A hearty laugh ensued as soon as Fred had introduced us.

Traffic was large and Pye and Rice left to restore order.

"I'd introduce you to all of my employees if they weren't so busy. Come around again when there is a holiday," said Fred. "You remember Miss Alice Blackney; she's manicurist here. Lois Cox helps in the shaving department. Her husband died three years ago, leaving her a widow, and since then she has worked here for me. Miss Ruth Case also is a manicurist. Harry Hutton runs the "Freddie." You remember "Sister" Wesley Silk—he brushes off the patrons' clothes after a shave. Lawrence Proctor is my publicity agent. At present he is in New York."

We made arrangements to return at a convenient date and left for Chicago, where we spent the night.

The papers announced the auto races at Annapolis the afternoon of June 11, 50 C'21. "Doc" and myself arrived at convenient time and parked our machine among various other revised Fords.

Seating ourselves in the grandstand, we gazed at the immense congregation. To my left was a familiar face but I could not place it. Just before the races started she recognized us and spoke. It was Mrs. Lucile Boude Walker. She wished to know where all of the members of the class were, because her fiftieth wedding anniversary was near at hand

—July 4, and she wished to have a class reunion. We told her all we knew.

Gazing on the program we ran across the name of Frank Christiansen—official starter. Was he or was he not? Among the entries was Arthur Orchard, speed demon of Oklahoma, and he carried with him as mechanican Elwin “Harbuck” Harbine. There was no mistake about them.

Soon a big yellow car with a double set of wheels ran onto the speedway. The crowd grew frantic and gave three cheers for “Art” Orchard, the speed demon.

A long, lean, lanky man took two strides and was in the center of the track. It was Frank Christiansen, the official starter.

During the race all the cars stopped in the pits to change tires, except one—the big yellow hurtling mammoth. At half distance “Art” let down the extra set of wheels and drew up the worn out ones he had been using.

“Art” won the 1000-mile event in four hours, four minutes and four seconds—steady running at an average speed slightly less than 250 miles per hour. We were unable to speak to “Art,” the crowd being too large, so we left on the road to New York.

Stopping at Erie, Pa., we heard news of a strange society that had just been organized. Meetings were held once a week and the public was invited to attend. We decided to take in one night’s session.

At the door we received a program. At the top of the card

MR. HOWARD G. GRUSCHUS
and
MR. MAURICE ERWOOD MILLER
Founders.

MR. FREDERIC BUSHER
Master of Ceremony.

The topic for the evening session was, “WHY EAT CORN BREAD?”

Finding no point of argument between why and why not eat corn bread, we left disgusted.

By inquiring we found out that Gruschus and Miller, dissatisfied with modern living conditions, had organized a so-

ciety to promote better living conditions by way of educational sermons preached every week.

In quest of more amusement we went to the play entitled, "What Happened to My Black Shinola?" All the seats were sold out except the lower box seats. We purchased two of these and walked in. We were led to our seats by Miss Evelyn Kingwell, employed as an usher. We conversed with her as far as our seats and promised to meet her after the performance—but we didn't.

Our hats were removed as we sat down and a great roar of laughter filled the theatre, as our hair was short and bristly from our recent misfortune.

A delightful Spanish solo dance was in progress, and as the dancer left the stage we recognized her as Anna Estella Strider. Seated at the piano, playing the accompaniment, was Miss Mildred Woodworth.

The curtain opened on the play, "What Happened to My Black Shinola?" The leading man and woman were on the stage conversing. On seeing us they could not suppress little chuckles of delight—then burst out laughing. The audience laughed with them.

We recognized them as Paul Chase and Margery Clarissa Anderson. Forgetting himself in the confusion "Doc" stepped up on the stage to shake hands with the old acquaintances. A chair flew down from the gallery, knocking poor "Doc" senseless. Two property men rushed out on the stage and dragged "Doc" to the right wing of the stage setting. The curtain fell.

I crawled under the curtain to see what had become of "Doc." The two property men were dashing cold water on him. Looking up at me I recognized our old Senior class president, Harold Lexicon Hotle. He had "Doc's" head raised from the floor with his hand. Recognizing me he let it drop.

The ambulance arrived at the door and "Doc" was rushed to the hospital. I stayed to talk to "Hod" and much to my surprise I found that the other property man was Arnold Coltrin. Besides those I have already mentioned that were in the play, "What Happened to My Shinola?" were Miss Violet Hastings, Corinne Layton and Nellie Anna Pye, who were waiting in the wings for their part when the accident happened.

In half an hour I went over to see how "Doc" was getting along. In attendance was Head Doctor Ansil Linoleum Bu-

letti, Xrv. MD. N. G. With him was "Doc's" brother, who was proprietor of the hospital, Mr. Kenneth Stanley Woodford. Ansil said: "I believe he will recover in three weeks if he is treated half decently."

Having nothing to do for three weeks I applied for the position of third assistant property man to the play, "What Happened to My Black Shinola?"

During that time bids were received for the 50th anniversary of Mrs. Lucile Boude Walker, to be held at Denver, Colo.

In company with these, Paul Chase, Clarissa Anderson, "Hod," Anna Strider, Mildred Woodworth, Arnold Coltrin, Ansil Buletti, Kenneth Woodford, Violet Hastings, Corinne Layton, Nellie Anna Pye and "Doc," who was now well, we left for Denver July 2, 50 C'21.

We arrived at Denver on the morning of July 4, meeting there Miss Alice Blackney, Miss Ruth Case, Harry Hutton, Wesley Silk, Lawrence Proctor, Miss Myrtle Lunceford and Margaret McHugh, stenographers, and other employees of Fred Janssen; Miss Helen Sophie McMannis, professor of Latin, University of Memphis; Miss Mildred Shelley, Metropolitan Opera Singer; Miss Alta Williams, wife of a wealthy stock rancher; Miss Gertrude Falcionier Wilcox, just from Broadway; Fred Heinson, inventor of stickless fly paper, besides others that we have previously spoken about.

Forty-nine were present. The topic of the evening was the large dividends received from the Janssen Tonsorial Parlors, every one owning shares but "Doc" and myself. Besides selling us stock "Doc" was offered a position in Janssen's parlors as the patrons' Free Doctor at a salary of \$250,000 per year.

As for myself, Fred offered me the position George had vacated, as George had now become keeper of the swans. I declined, because the pigs and cows at home must soon have attention, and left the next morning for Molino in "Doc's" Ford.

I will never regret my extended visit to see former classmates.

The West Wind

(Honorable Mention)

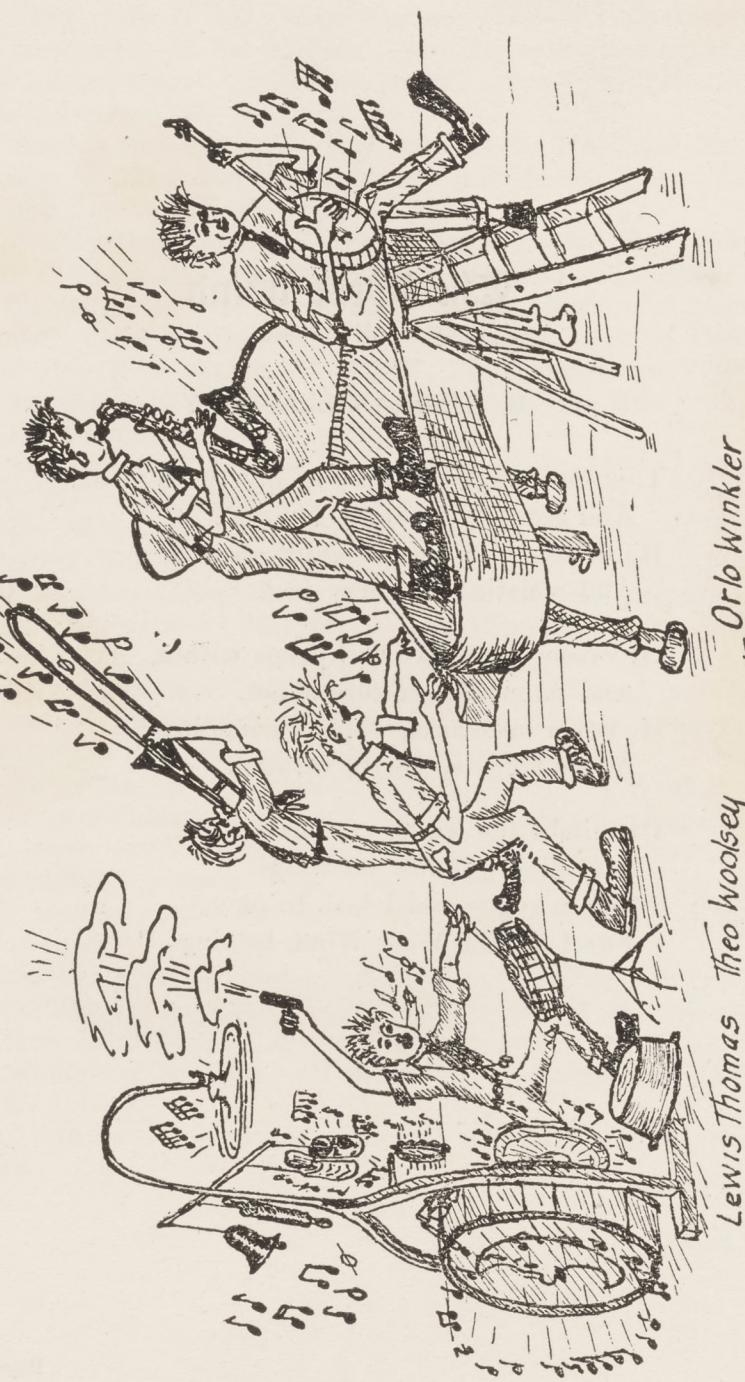
By ETHELYN BLACKNEY

There's a rogue at play in my sunny room
And scarcely he stops for rest.
He dances and flies so gaily about,
And whistles in merry jest.

He opens the books and peeps within,
And paper he scatters about.
He never once asks, "May I come in?"
As he sings so softly without.

He climbs the walls, yet has no feet,
And flies, yet has no wings.
"I am a rogue and I love to play,
For I am the West Wind, he sings."

The "Analy Jazzology Artists" in action.

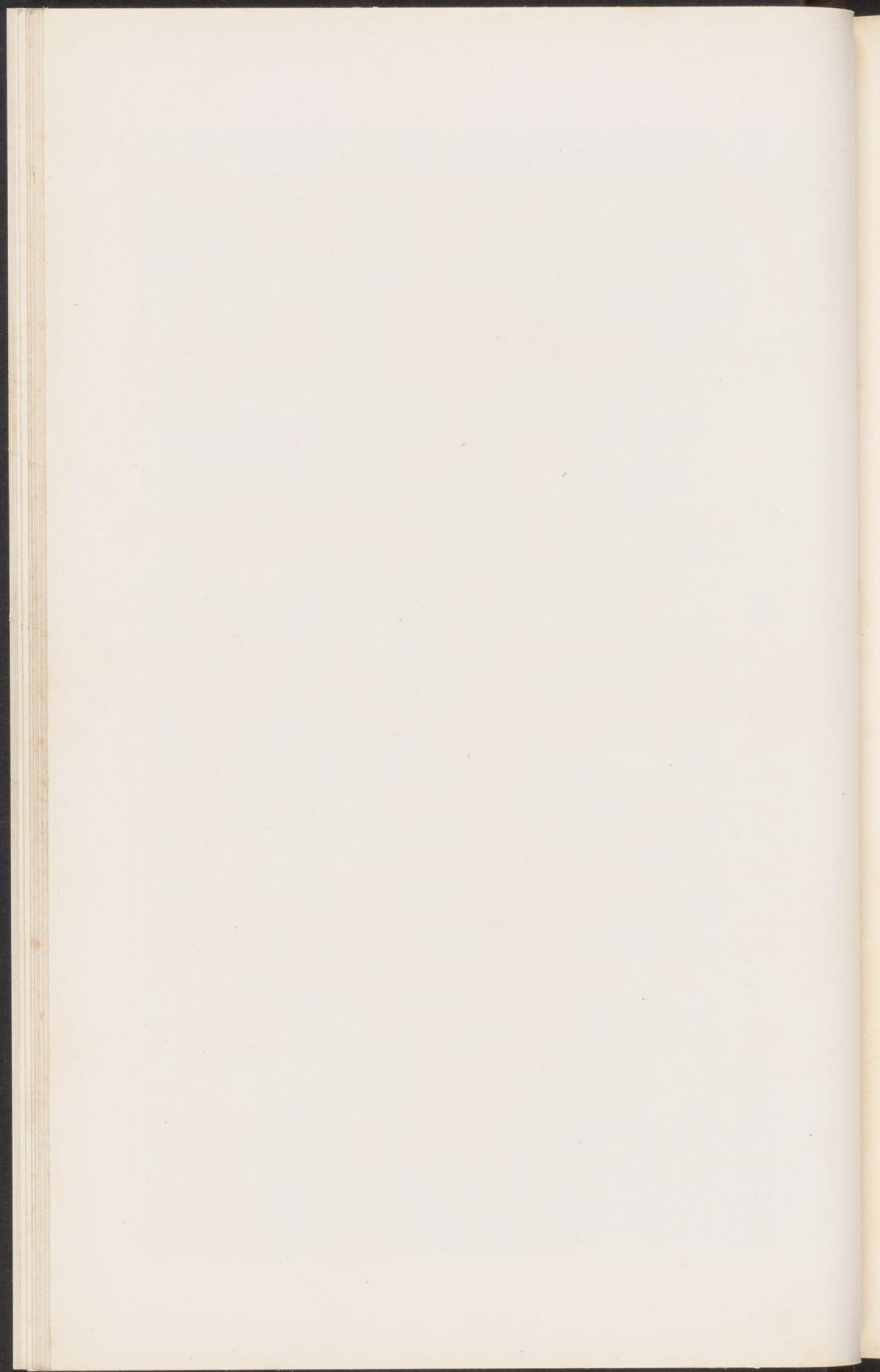


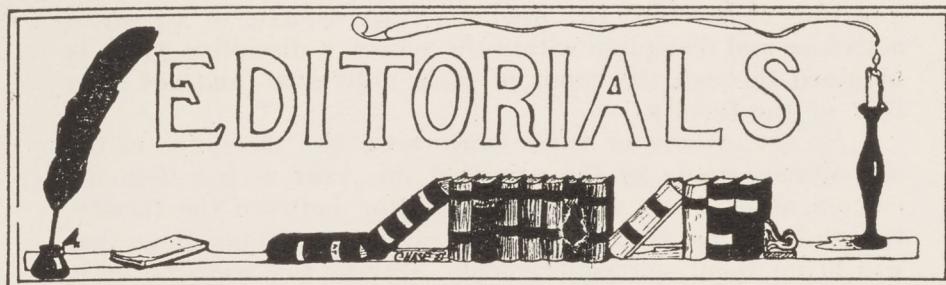
Lewis Thomas Theo Wooley Joseph Thomas Orlo Winkler Johnnie Caniff

Johnnie Caniff



ANALY AGRICULTURAL CLUB





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Self Government in Analy

SELF GOVERNMENT is not a thing that can be acquired in a few days or months, but which requires several years to develop into its full power. Analy has not self government but we come nearer having it now than ever before. Each year we come closer and closer to it.

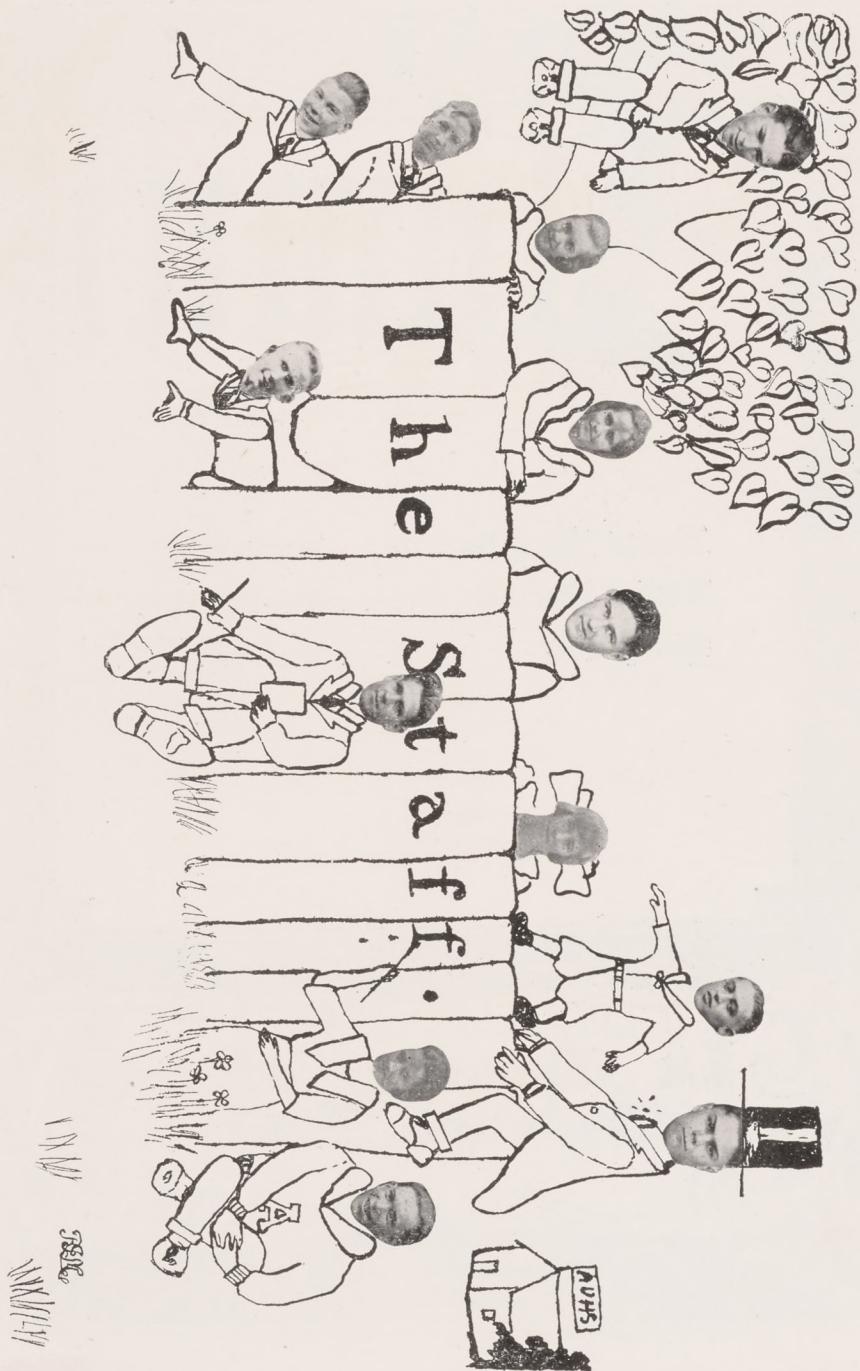
Self government is not the same in all the schools which have it, but in general its work is to the same effect. It is a

government in which the students have control of all school activities and discipline within the school, a discipline which is obtained through the honor of each individual and not from fear of the faculty.

No set of laws or rules concerning the discipline of the school were made by the principal this year as has been the custom of previous years. Cooperation between the faculty, the students, and the student body officers is the one thing that will bring about self government. Having this cooperation is one of the reasons for the harmony and good feeling within the school.

We hope that next year self government can be developed to a still greater degree and that in the near future our school shall be a cooperative institution wherein every pupil will consider that he or she has as much responsibility for the good of the students as the faculty.





Alumni

James McMenamin . . . President
Louise Barlow . . . Vice-President
Harry Vier . . . Treasurer

In Memory of
Madelyn Post

Class of 1920

Hilda Anderson.....	At home, Forestville.
Denman Barlow.....	Attending U. C.
Marguerite Bower.....	(Mrs. Dr. Snyder) Vallejo.
Walter Carrothers.....	Attending U. C.
Westwood Case.....	Attending Pacific Methodist College.
Naomi Gillespi.....	Stenographer, Forestville.
Margery Harris.....	Attending S. F. Normal.
Warren Hillard.....	Ranching near Sebastopol.
Gladys Havenstrite.....	Stenographer, Santa Rosa.
Howard Heintz.....	Ranching near Sebastopol.
Alice Kingwell.....	Stenographer, Santa Rosa.
Estella Kolen.....	Working, First National Bank, Sebastopol.
Lavilla Lawrence.....	Attending U. C.
Samuel Lehrberger.....	Attending Junior College, Santa Rosa.
Clara Lapham.....	Post Graduate Course, A. U. H. S.
Georgina McMullen.....	Stenographer, Santa Rosa.
Ruth Rogers.....	Attending Sweet's Business College, S. R.
Paul Raulet.....	Working, Berkeley.
Jean Scottford.....	Attending U. C.
Margaret Silk.....	Attending U. C.
Estelle Sinclair.....	Attending Junior College, Santa Rosa.
Donald Scott.....	Attending U. C.
Douglas Toffelmier.....	Attending U. C.
Homer Thomas.....	Reporter, Republican office, Santa Rosa.
Glenn Winkler.....	Ranching near Sebastopol.

Class of 1919

Harold Baker.....	Working, Sebastopol.
Grace Bower.....	(Mrs. Stacy Cox) Sebastopol.
Donald Carrothers.....	Attending U. C.
Hazel Churchman.....	Attending Stanford University.
Alice Chinnock.....	Attending Union Pacific College, St. Helena.
William Edgerton.....	Working, Montana.
Ruth Fellers.....	At home, Sebastopol.
Estella Hawes.....	(Mrs. H. C. Kidwell) Sebastopol.
Elizabeth Harris.....	Attending S. F. Normal.
George Heintz.....	Ranching near Sebastopol.
Minnie Keiser.....	(Mrs. W. Akers) San Francisco.
Dorothy Kent.....	Attending Junior College, Santa Rosa.

(Alumni continued on following page)

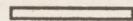
Lois Lampkin.....(Mrs. S. White) Sebastopol.
Delores Leach.....(Mrs. G. Olsen) Oakland.
Charles Meyer.....Attending Stanford University.
Dovey Murphy.....Working, San Francisco.
Lois Moran.....Working, San Francisco.
Kneeland Mello.....At home, Sebastopol.
Zelda Pitkin.....Attending Junior College, Santa Rosa.
Madalyn Post.....(Deceased)
Lorene Pride.....(Mrs. Roe) Coalingo.
Gertrude Searby.....Attending Mills College.
Dorothy Stillings.....Attending Junior College, Santa Rosa.
Margery Sheffer.....At home, Sebastopol.
Ray Wadsworth.....Attending Agricultural College, Oregon.
Clifford Woodford.....Attending University of Pennsylvania.

Class of 1918

Fred Anderson.....Attending Stanford University.
Jerome Ames.....Working, Vallejo.
Harry Borba.....Attending Stanford University.
Roland Carrothers.....Attending U. C.
Harvey Chinnock.....Attending Union Pacific College, St. Helena.
Lorin Cranson.....Attending Stanford University.
Lawrence Dayton.....Working, Sebastopol.
Earl Erickson.....Working, San Francisco.
Ella Harbine.....Attending U. C.
George Johnson.....Attending U. C.
Eleanor Jewell.....(Mrs. C. Malm) Sebastopol.
Genevieve Lowary.....Stenographer, Sebastopol.
Elsie Moore.....Attending San Jose Normal.
Clarence MacKenzie.....At home, Sebastopol.
Elizabeth McMullen.....Teaching, Greenwood.
Lyle Mobley.....Working, Goodyear Tire Co., San Francisco.
Helen Morford.....(Mrs. J. Ganser) Sebastopol.
Albert Martin.....Working, Sebastopol.
Wilma Overholtzer.....Porterville.
Ruth Churchman.....(Mrs. Phair) Attending Stanford University.
Fern Powell.....Attending Mills College.
Louis Purser.....Attending Affiliated College, San Francisco.
Edith Ramsey.....Attending Business College, Denver, Colo.
Alfred Stillings.....Working, Sebastopol.
Eleanor Stillings.....Attending U. C. Nursing Course.
Dorothy Tully.....(Mrs. H. Lomier) Merced.
Gretchan Tabor.....Working, Sebastopol.
Mildred Tabor.....Working, Sebastopol.
Lee Walker.....Attending Stanford University.
Lulu Wightman.....Teaching, San Jose.

Class of 1917

Willard Akers.....	Bookkeeping, San Francisco.
Gladys Barns.....	Teaching, near Sebastopol.
Eva Berry.....	Stenographer, San Francisco.
Marion Blunden.....	Teaching, near Santa Rosa.
Ernest Botts.....	Attending Stanford University.
Neva Carrothers.....	Stenographer, Berkeley.
Freva Fellows.....	Teaching, Sebastopol.
Reuben Hansen.....	Electrical Engineering, San Francisco.
Edna Harbine.....	Attending Lux Training School, S. F.
Nola Hazelton.....	Attending Union Pacific College, St. Helena.
Mabel Hotle.....	At home, Sebastopol.
Leland Howell.....	Working, Sebastopol.
Eugene Harbine.....	Teaching, near Merced.
Ruth Humason.....	At home, Witter Springs, Lake County.
Dorothy King.....	(Mrs. H. Maddocks) Sebastopol.
Ruth Leach.....	Stenographer, San Francisco.
Julia McVean.....	(Mrs. Baker) Aberdeen, Washington.
Robert Miller.....	At home, Sebastopol.
Viola Miller.....	(Mrs. T. C. Keister) Stockton.
Cecil Pearce.....	Attending Stanford University.
Clair Pefferle.....	At home, Freestone.
Hazel Sanford.....	Working, Sebastopol.
Roy Williamson.....	Attending Stanford University.
Helen Searby.....	Attending U. C. Nursing Course.
Max Steinike.....	Attending Stanford University.
Rowena Strout.....	Teaching, Merritt District, near Forestville.
Emma Thole.....	Attending U. C. Nursing Course.
Harry Vier.....	Bookkeeping, S. B. G., Sebastopol.
Hall Woodworth.....	U. S. Navy.
Ben Woodworth.....	Ranching near Sebastopol.

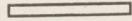


Class of 1916

Louise Barlow.....	At home, Sebastopol.
Eugene Carillo.....	U. S. Navy.
Jessie Chinnock.....	(Mrs. M. Moffit) Oakland.
Mary Fellers.....	Working, Sacramento.
Fay Hawkins.....	Teaching, Bodega.
John Heintz.....	U. S. Navy.
William Irwin.....	Farming, near Sebastopol.
Merritt Jewell.....	Real Estate Business, Sebastopol.
Alfred Leland.....	Working, Argentine, Kansas.
Ruth Lyons.....	(Mrs. Anderson) Southern California.

(Continued on following page)

Cuthbert Malm.....Dentist, Sebastopol.
 Owen McMannis.....Working, San Francisco.
 James McMenamin.....Attending Stanford University.
 Wilbur Purrington.....(Deceased)
 Thomas Rauch.....Working, Tampico, Mexico.
 Florence Ryan.....Attending College, in the East.
 Elsie Sanborn.....Stenographer, San Francisco.
 Robert Searby.....Attending U. C.
 Lenore Smith.....Teaching, Mt. Vernon.
 Joe Silveira.....Attending Stanford University.
 Harlan Varner.....Working, Oakland.
 Raymond Wilson.....Working, San Francisco.
 Margery Shatto.....Attending U. C.
 Sarah McMenamin.....Working, Sebastopol Nat'l Bank, Sebastopol.



Class of 1915

Leland Barlow.....Ranching, near Sebastopol.
 Jessie Batchelor.....Working, San Francisco.
 Albert Batton.....Ranching, near Sebastopol.
 Lawrence Carillo.....At home, Graton.
 Walter Cole.....Dentist, Richmond.
 Una Dodenhoff.....(Mrs. E. Westphall) near Hessel.
 Elizabeth Hicks.....Vine Hill.
 Mildred Hillard.....(Mrs. F. Fellers) Sebastopol.
 Ward Howard.....(Deceased)
 Vernon Kent.....Working, P. G. & E. Co., Oroville.
 Martha Lowary.....Attending U. C.
 Anna Lunceford.....Nursing, San Francisco.
 Harriet Maddocks.....Secretary Work, Santa Rosa.
 Rayma Murphy.....Teaching, Sweet's Business College, S. R.
 Florence Pfefferle.....Teaching, Bodega.
 Eleanor Purrington.....Teaching, Oak Grove.
 Charles Rogers.....Automobile Business, San Francisco.
 Lucile Scott.....(Mrs. R. Sheppard) Visalia.
 Vincent Speers.....Working, Healdsburg.
 Emilie Williamson.....Attending School, Nyack, New York.
 Eva Williamson.....Attending U. C.





OPERETTA



THE annual Analy operetta was given as usual this year on the evening of January 28th, at Lincoln Hall. It was "The Captain of Plymouth," directed by Mrs. Louise Sheppa Lovett, staged by the choral society and costumed by Miss Van Etten's sewing classes. Mr. Ross had charge of the stage setting, while Fred Janssen '21, painted the large back canvas for the stage. Following is the story of the operetta:

Act I—Opens with a scene on the shores of New England. Elder Brewster, who presides over the colony of Plymouth, has all his people gathered before him. The Captain of Plymouth arrives with his great army and the event is celebrated. John Alden, the diligent scribe, has been trusted with a delicate mission—that of wooing the hand of Priscilla for the Captain of Plymouth. John Alden, being secretly in love with Priscilla, is very down cast, and dreads the interview forced on him by the Captain.

Act II—Opens with the interview between John and Priscilla. They confess their love for each other. Miles and Erasmus, his right hand man, are captured by the Pequots, and while the Indians are preparing for their death the beau-

tiful Indian Princess Katonka sets them free after Miles Standish promises to wed her.

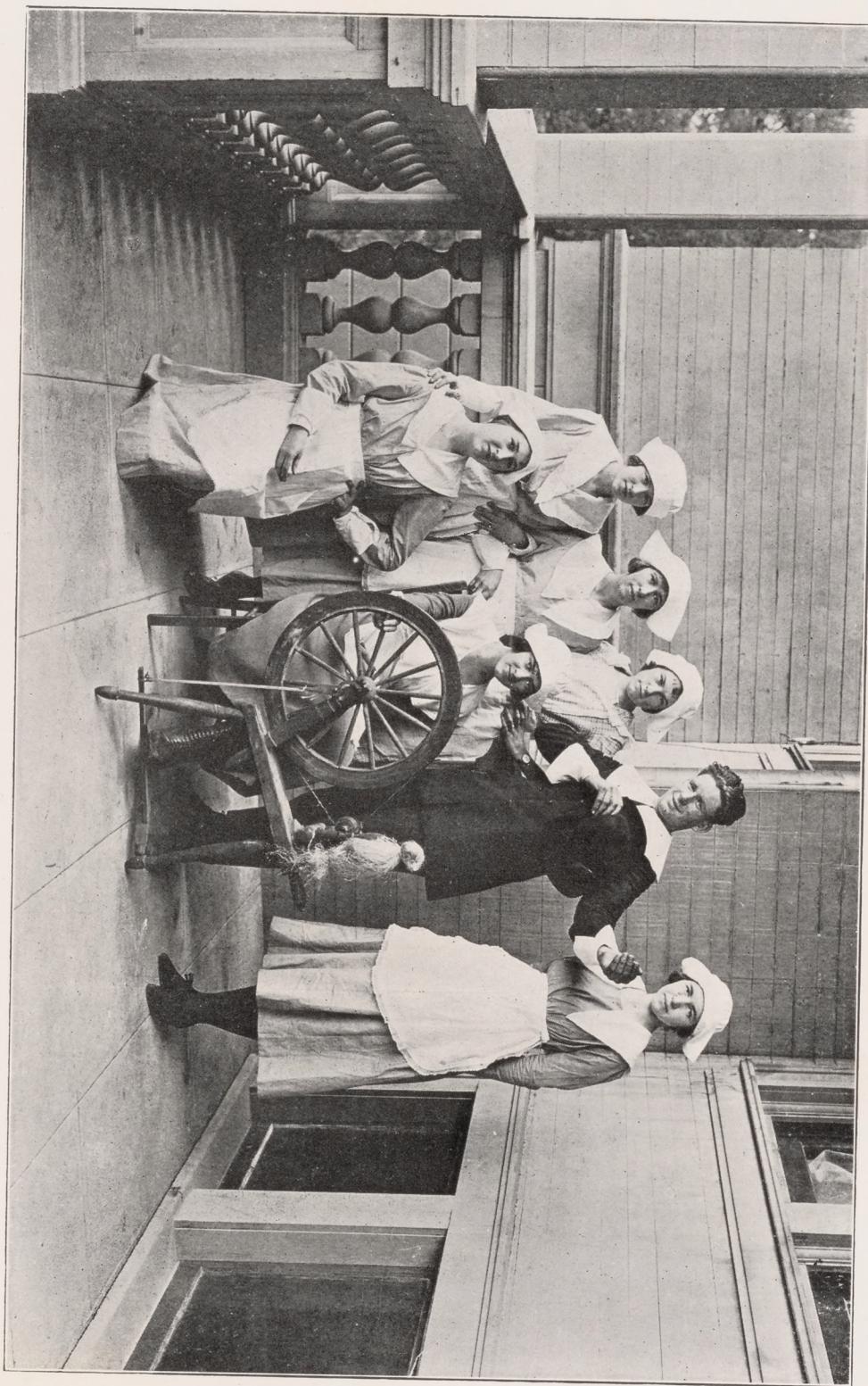
Act III—Opens with the army of the Captain discussing the events. The Captain is endeavoring to rid himself of the Indian Princess in order to marry Priscilla. Priscilla, broken-hearted, is forced to marry the Captain by the command of Elder Brewster. At the wedding the Indian Princess appears unexpectedly and demands that the Captain of Plymouth be hers because he had promised to wed her.

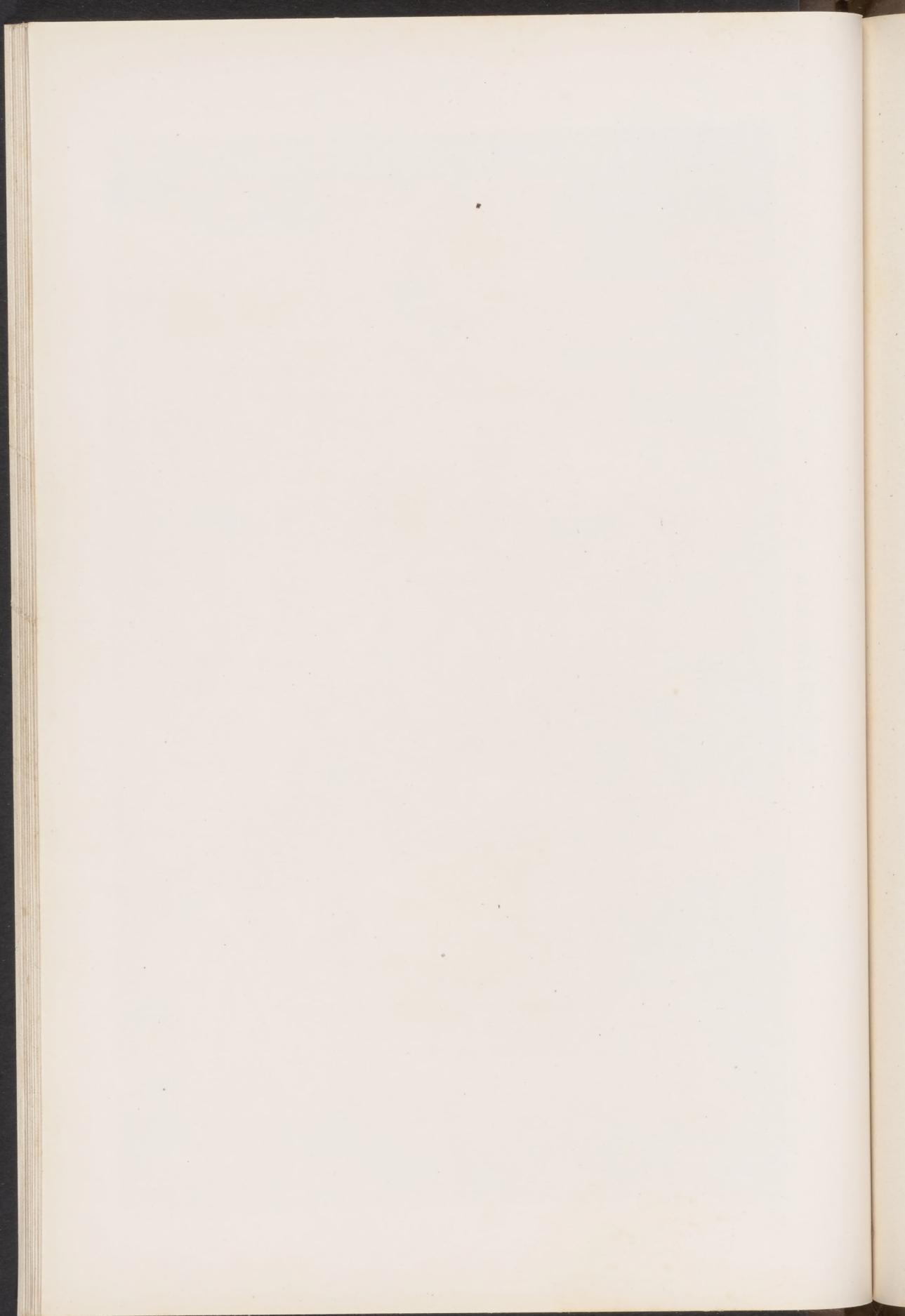
The Elder then gives Priscilla to John Alden, who very delightfully receives her.

Cast of Characters

Miles Standish	Raymond Silver, '24
John Alden	Fred Busher, '21
Elder Brewster	Elvyn Pye, '21
Erasmus	Paul Chase, '21
Wattawamut	Ansel Buletti, '21
Pecksuott	Fred Fellows, '22
Richard	Asa Sullivan, '22
Stephen	Ralph Chaterdon, '22
Gilbert	Edwin McMannis, '23
Priscilla	Mildred Shelley, '21
Katonka	Jeannette Paulsell, , '22
Mercy	Mildred Crosby, '21
Puritan Maidens	{ Helen King, '21 Helen McMannis, '21 Sylvia Sheffer, '21 Nellie Pye, '21 Lois Marshall, '21 Margery Anderson, '21
Soloist, Puritan Maid and Indian Girl.....	Sadie Shideler, '22
Choruses, Puritan Army, People of Plymouth, Indian Braves.	

THE OPERETTA





Scene 1—Plymouth Rock.

1. Opening Chorus—"Happy Are We."
2. Solo and Trio—"The Wail of the Prophet"
..... Elder Brewster and the Puritan Lads
3. Solo and Chorus—"Friendship's Call"
..... John Alden and Maidens
4. Chorus—"Hail, Captain of Plymouth"
..... Solo—Miles Standish
5. Solo and Sextette—"Just What a Little Maiden
Should Do" Sadie Shideler
6. Solo—"Love is Life" Priscilla
7. Finale Duet John and Priscilla

ACT II.

Scene 1—

1. Solo—"Spinning Song" Priscilla
2. Duet—"Love Thy Neighbor" John and Priscilla

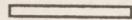
Scene 2—

1. Chorus—"Indian Dance" Indian Chiefs
2. Duet—"Flirtation" Katonka and Miles Standish
3. Solo and Chorus—"Indian Lullaby" Sadie Shideler
4. Finale, Solo and Chorus—"Priscilla, Maiden of
Plymouth"

ACT III.

Scene—Plymouth

1. Solo—"A Soldier's Life" Erasmus
2. Solo—"I'm Sorry That I Said It, But I Did" Miles
3. Solo and Sextette—"There's Nothing to Do
But Chat" Mercy
4. Finale—"The Only Captain Miles"



Stunts by Dramatic Classes

During this term the student body was entertained by the efforts of Miss Bradbeer and her dramatic classes.

On January 8th the boys of Miss Bradbeer's dramatic class presented a clever one-act sketch of a crooked employ-

ment agency. The leading role was well acted by Carl Ross. There were seven characters:

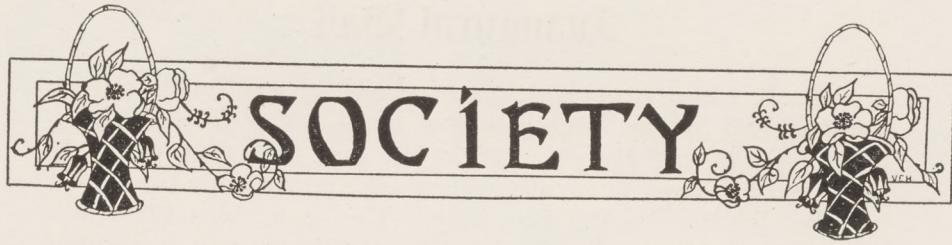
Morgan Shyster, Employment Agent	Carl Ross
Fritz Katezendoodle, seeking work	Carl Madsen
Regneald Smyche-Jones	Roland Johns
Pietre Vancci, wine maker	Vincent Gracin
Farmer Corntassel	John Temple
Heinie Grauerholz, sausage manufacturer.....	Philip Coppedge
George Bones, porter	George Drewes

On January 21st the girls of Miss Bradbeer's dramatic class presented a little sketch called "Our Aunt From New York." It was the story of several sisters who were expecting a rich aunt from the East who sends word that she will not come. Whereupon one of the sisters disguises as the aunt and plays a prank on her sisters, when the aunt breaks in unexpectedly upon the scene.

Those who took part were:

Sally Needy	Ida Parker
Felician Needy	Esther Barger
Rosaline Needy	Anna Duckhorn
Mrs. Needy	Gladys Miller
Mrs. Munytoburn	Francis Jones
Miss Wilcoxngibs	Pearl Forrest





Freshman Reception

THE opening event of the school season was, of course, the Freshmen's reception. And such a reception! The upper classmen spared neither time nor work to make it the most royal reception that has yet been given.

The Grammar School gymnasium, in which it was held, was strung and restrung with greens and ferns. Against this graceful background great banks of gorgeous dahlias were banked. The American Legion Orchestra furnished the music, and every Freshman tasted for at least once the cup of popularity.

Freshman Return

The Freshman Return reception was not held until April 1st, because of the spring vacation, and several conflicting dates, but it was a huge success, even if it was delayed. The gym never was more cleverly decorated. Since it was April Fool's Eve everything was in topsy-turvey order. One corner of the room contained a gorgeous glittering Christmas tree, while the opposite one contained a valentine booth elaborately covered with red hearts. In another corner was a Hallow'een booth with cornstalks and pumpkins, while in the last was the representative of the Fourth of July with Japanese lanterns and red, white and blue streamers. The orchestra was on a fern embanked platform in the center, while many hued streamers hung over the entire gym, and graceful weeping willow filled the baskets at either end. There was a wonderful crowd, and the crowd had a wonderful time. The upper classmen take their hats off to the Freshmen when it comes to entertaining.

Inaugural Ball

Analy's new president, Maurice Miller, was tended an inaugural ball by the famous school orchestra, "The Jazzologists," the last of March. It was the first time that an Analy president has been so royally welcomed, and we hope the school will not let this be the last time. The gym was tastefully decorated in blue and white, and the orchestra was concealed by a screen of ferns. A great many alumni attended the dance and complimented the students on the new idea of an Inaugural Ball.

Hallow'een Dance

On the eve of Hallow'een the old gym was filled with crazy clowns, skinny skeletons and ghostly ghosts. Although it was a blustering eerie night the crowd filled the gym to its capacity. The walls were gay with bright leaves and the huge yellow pumpkins and cornstalks filled the corners and screened the orchestra.

Christmas Dance

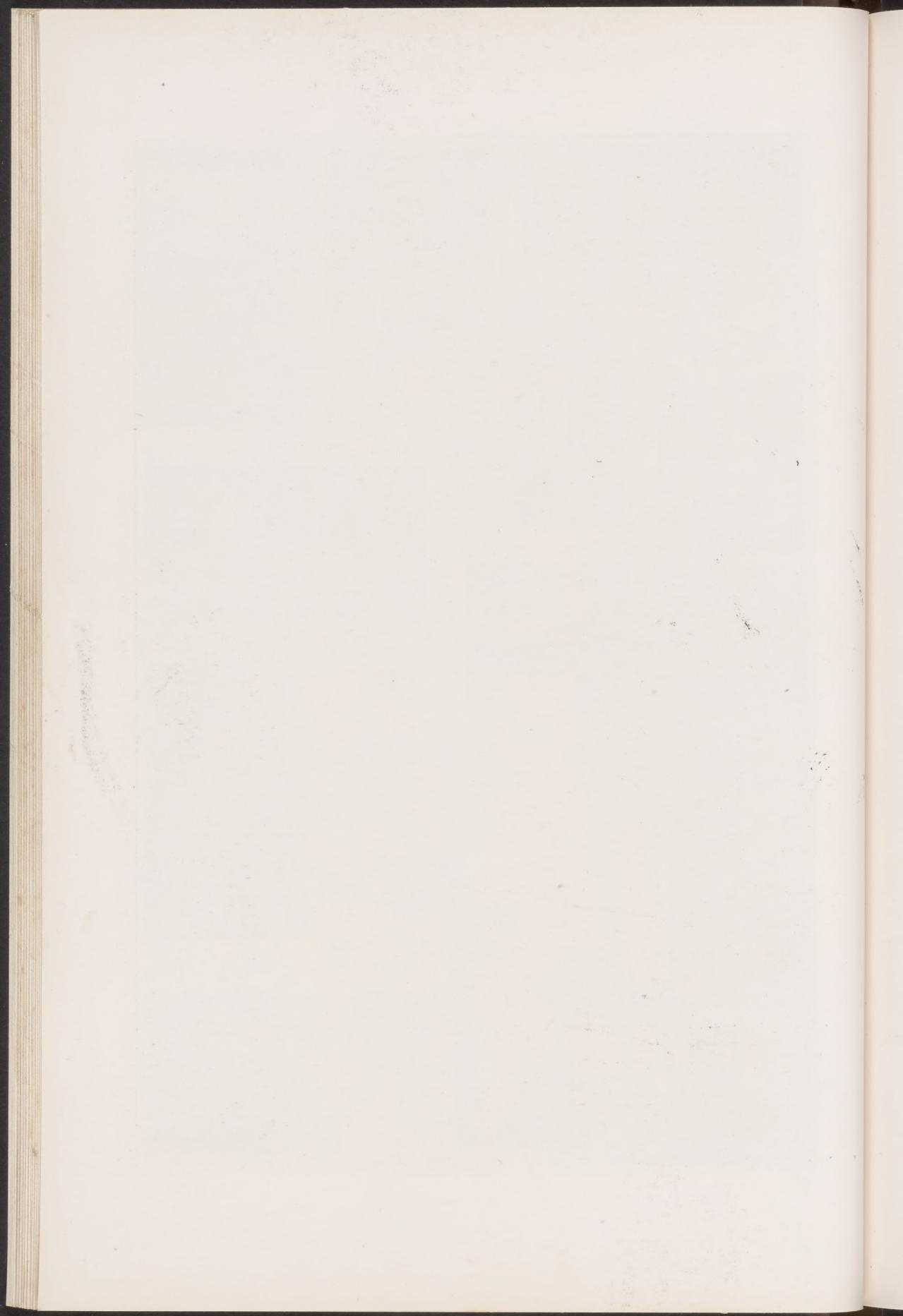
Christmas holidays brought the usual Christmas party. This year it was a formal dance. The gym was glorious in its bright holiday dress of green and red, and a Santa Rosa furnished the music for the dance.

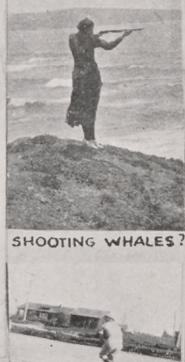
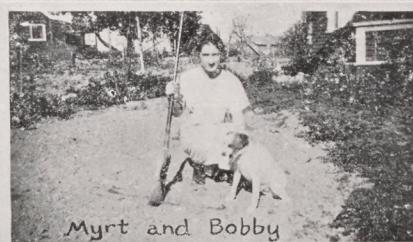
Junior-Senior Dance

The closing affair of the season was the dance given the Seniors by the Juniors. We think the Seniors could almost forgive the Juniors for being Juniors since they gave such a wonderful farewell dance.

The gym was a bower of green ivy and ferns, and the two classes buried the hatchet and had a glorious good time.





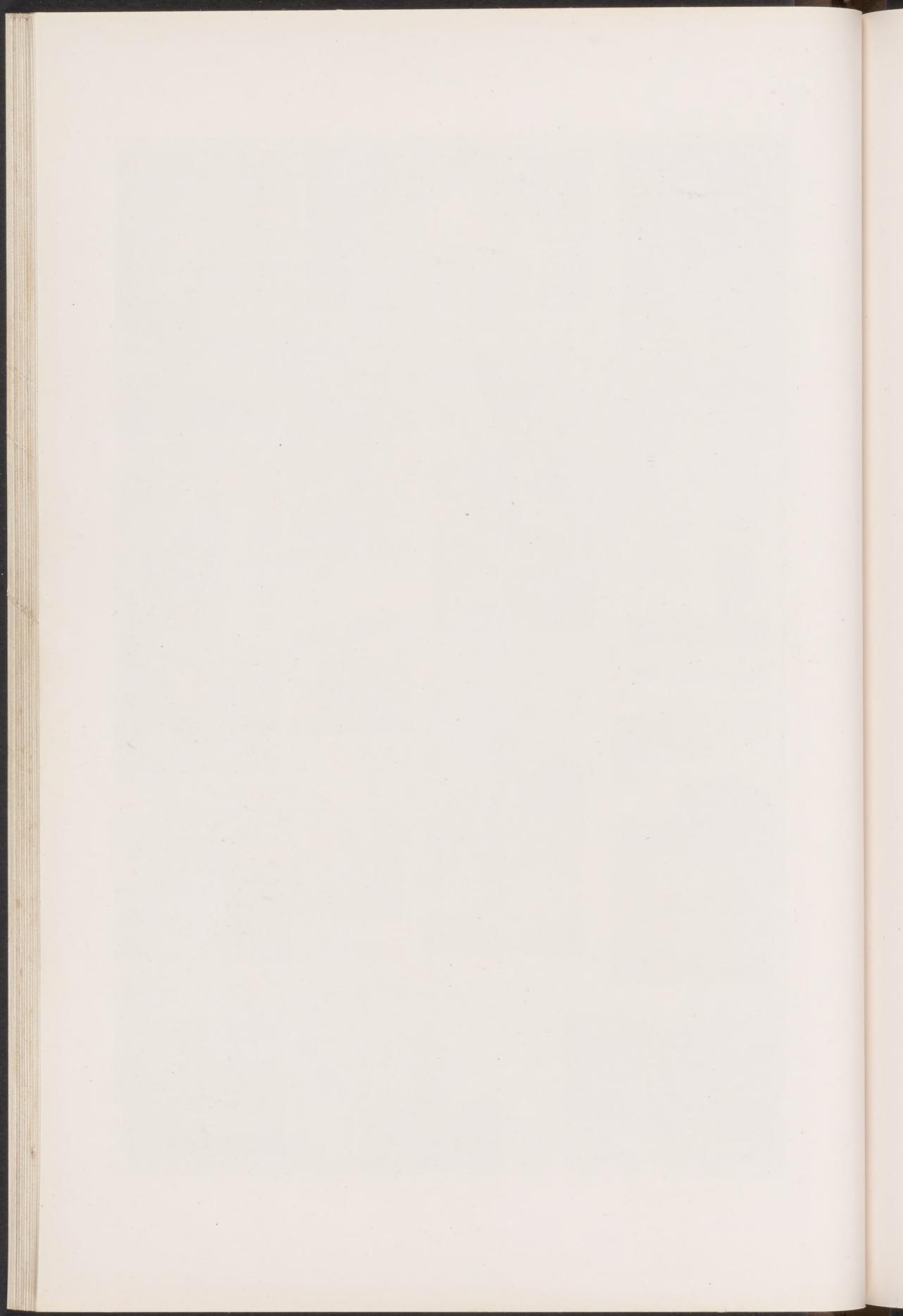


WORTH, A GOOD DEAL



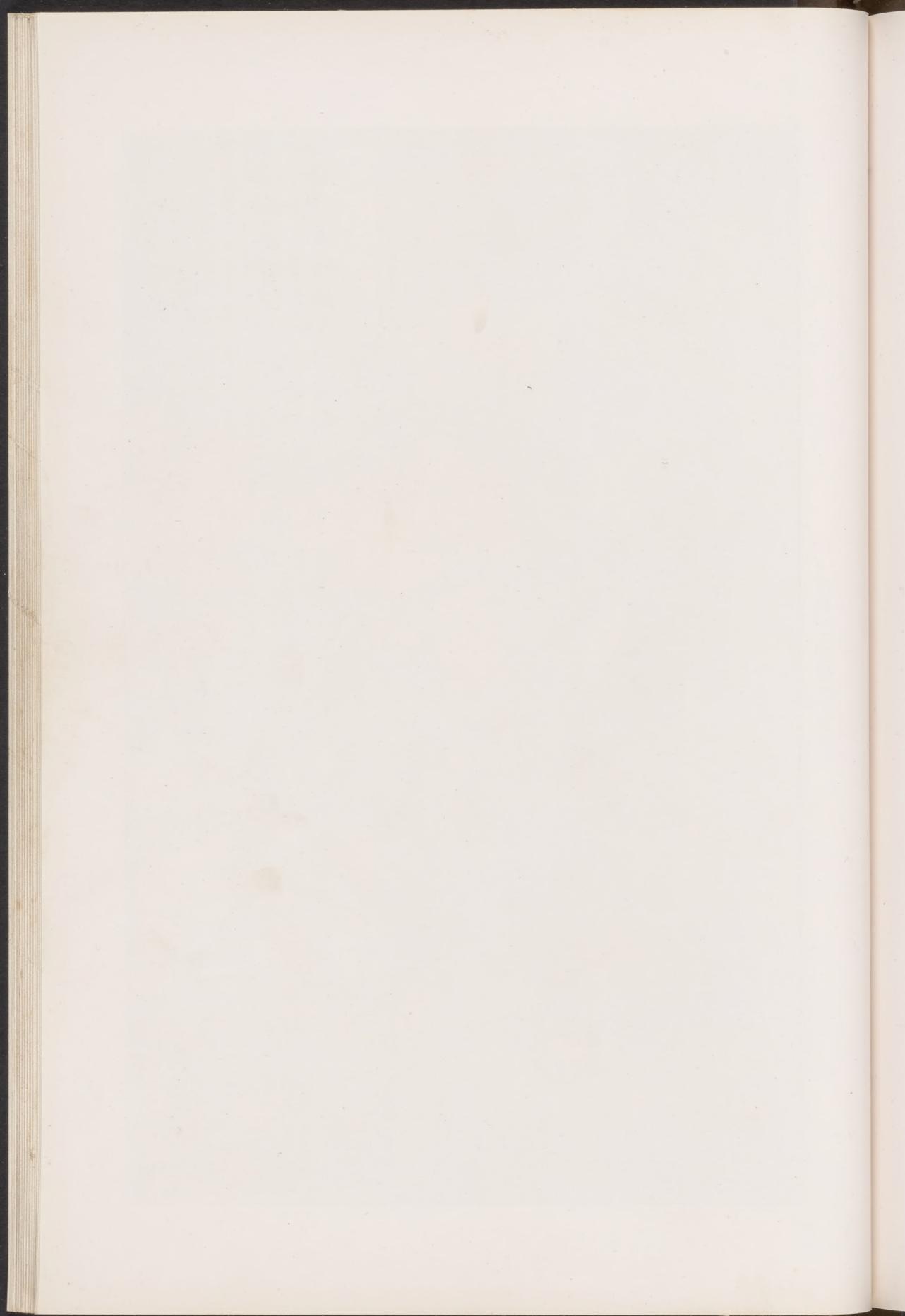
REV.
RED
on
Flowery
Beds
of
Ease.





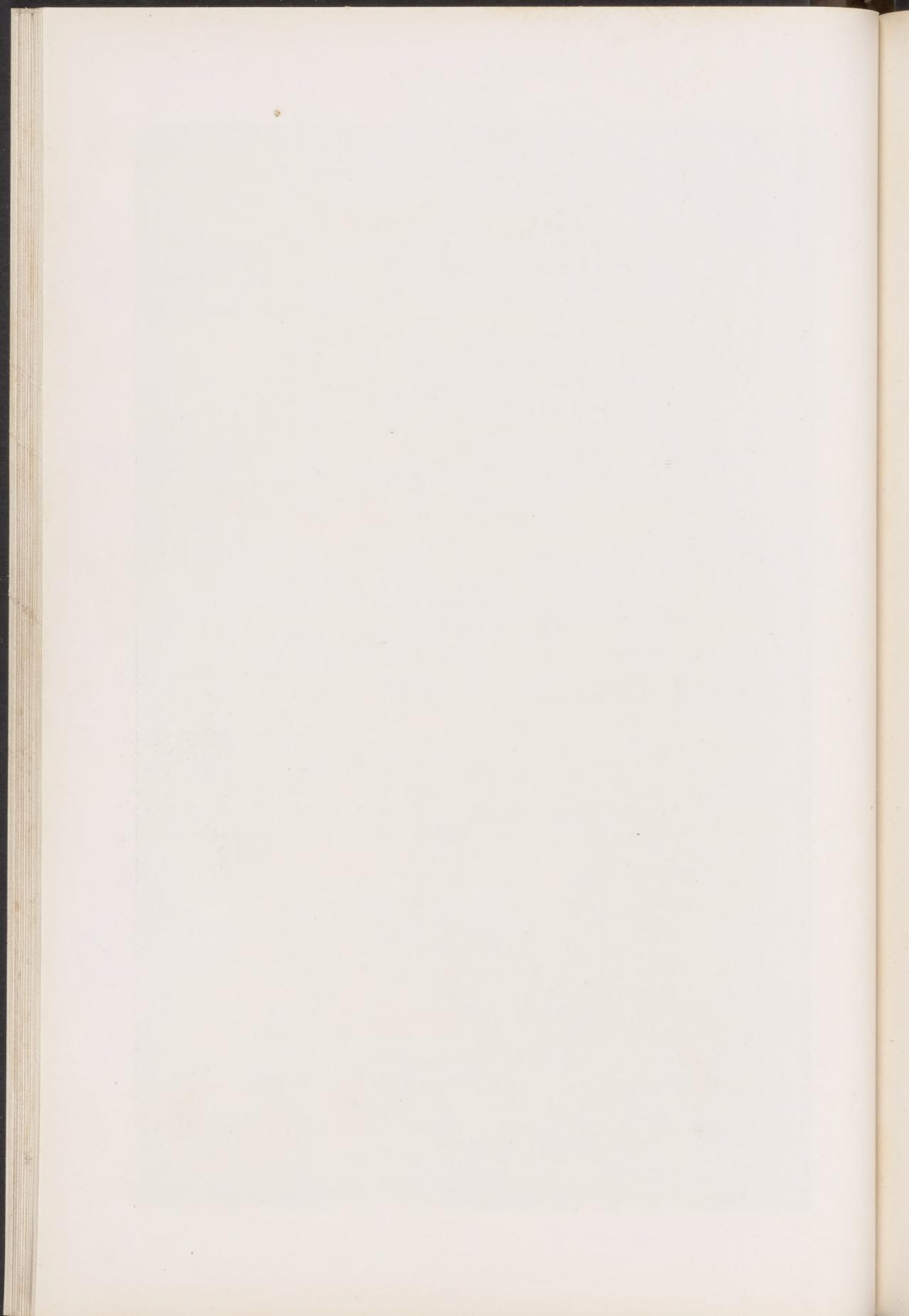
THE ORCHESTRA





JUNIOR CLASS





Junior Notes

THE Class of '22 started out this year with its usual amount of pep and loyalty. At the election for the fall term Alfred Collins was elected Class President and Grace Meeker Secretary. In the spring term these two were re-elected.

On the Governing Board the Junior class was represented by: Carl Williamson, field; Asa Sullivan, substitute. Carl Williamson, and Alfred Collins, Class President.

The Juniors proved their ability in dramatics when they won first prize "Stunt Night" by a play entitled "The Man Haters." The play was put on again in Lincoln Hall Armistice Day.

Basketball and baseball claimed a great many of the Junior boys this year. On the 130-lb. basketball team were Carl Williamson and Vern Wood; on the Unlimited, Horace Davidson, Alfred Collins and Carl Williamson.

In baseball were: Pitcher, Alfred Collins, captain; Theodore Woolsey, manager; Thos. Worth, first base; Rollo Winkley, Carl Williamson, Athletic Delegate; Lucile Hallet, Secretary. Williamson was elected yell leader for the fall semester and Fred Fellows for the spring semester.

The Junior-Senior party held April was the tremendous success that the Juniors all hoped it would be. The gymnasium was artistically decorated in pink and green, paper and greens. At a late hour dainty refreshments consisting of ice cream and cake were served. The decorations were directed by Grace Meeker, refreshments by Lucile Hallet. The music was furnished by the "Jazzology Artists." This orchestra is directed by a Junior boy, Joseph Thomas, and has in its number two other Junior boys, Theodore Woolsey and Lewis Thomas.

Although there were not many Juniors on the honor roll, Albert Scheidecker was in the race with a high record.

The Juniors were also in the limelight in track, the Juniors on the team being: Unlimited team—Wesley Meyer, Donald Osborne, Alfred Collins and Carl Williamson; 120 lbs.—Dwight Williams.

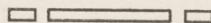
On the Analyan staff are: Carl Williamson, associate

editor; Carl Ross, reporter; Fred Fellows, Junior notes; Ralph Chaterdon, dramatic; Albert Scheidecker, sports.

On Azalea staff are: Carl Williamson, associate editor; Fred Fellows, josh; Ralph Chaterdon, assistant manager; Lucile Hallet, Junior notes; Grace Meeker, alumni; Carl Ross, exchange.

The year is now ended and the class of '22 feel confident that they have been loyal to both class and school.

—LUCILE HALLET, '22.



Sophomore Notes

FROM the very beginning when in the fall of '19 the class of '23 entered Analy it began making a name for itself that would forever hold a prominent place in the pages of High School history. But as Sophomores this great class of '23 has indeed tripled its efforts and laurels of its Freshman year.

At the first class election of the year Merton Woods was elected President and Merie Brown Secretary and Treasurer.

Athletics is provably the best illustration of the Sophs rapid climbing. "Bus" McCormick, Earl Carillo, Jack Milner, John Caniff, Ben Corbin, Ben Rabinovitz, Leston Heintz and Edwin McMannis, our star athletes, have all attained a place on the school's main teams, such as basketball, baseball and track.

Howard McCauley and Jim Ward, "kings" of the ball and racquet, are promising aspirants for the school tennis team next fall.

At the election for the Spring term Hubert McCormick was elected President and Elane Showalter Secretary and Treasurer.

The result of the Freshmen-Sophomore track and field meet was an overwhelming victory for the Sophomores, even though they were outnumbered by the "Frosh." And in the

SOPHOMORE CLASS



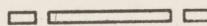
inter-class meet a fine showing was made by the Sophs, who also won many points and came nearly breaking two records.

In dramatics also the Sophomores shine. For in every public presentation this year there has been one or more Sophomores carrying leading roles. The orchestra also boasts of five Sophomore members.

As far as social activities are concerned the Sophs have done little this year, being too busy winning honor cards and higher grades in their subjects, but the "weenie" bake which was held at Russian River seemed to make up for all other lost parties, as it was such a grand success.

So all in all, as we look back over the past year and realize how the Sophomores have participated in practically every activity and event in the school, we can easily see the brilliant future in store for one of the best and most active classes that ever can or will enroll at Analy.

—“T.” McMENAMIN, '23.



Freshman Notes

THE Class of '24 was the largest class that ever entered Analy, there being over one hundred members. Of course at first they were "green" but after a few weeks you could not tell a Freshman from an upper classman.

At the first meeting the election was held and Arthur Paulson was elected President, Alma Shelley Vice-president and Ivie Woodford Secretary and Treasurer.

Some of the greatest honors of the school have gone to the Freshmen class.

Five in the class received honor cards: Jesse Osborn, Lena Bisordi, Lois Osborn, Alma Shelley and Charlotte Leland. The Freshmen received more than any class and they count it quite a distinction.

Who received first prize for the story contest for the Azalea? Why, a Freshmen, Martha Hanegress. This is the first time a Freshmen has ever won first prize since the Azalea

started. The Freshmen were surely there when it came to literary talent.

The leading part, Captain Miles Standish, in the operetta "The Captain of Plymouth," was taken by a Freshmen, Ray Silva. Very few of the Freshmen classes of other years can boast of such a fact.

They are not behind when it comes to baseball, either. We have one man on Analy's big team, Wilburn Talbot, a strong outfield player. The regular Freshmen baseball team defeated the Sophs in a game, the score being 8-2.

The Freshmen did not do so well in basketball. The Sophs got the better of them, but just wait till they are Seniors and then see what they can do.

The other classes have to take off their hats to the "Freshies" when it comes to track. Any class ought to be proud to boast of having such fellows as Virgil Mudd, Ray Silva and Jackson McMullen on their team. Virgil Mudd has not only won honors for the class of '24 but he is also on the 120-lb. Analy track team and has won honors for the school. Just watch them and see what a fine bunch of track stars they will have in a few years!

The Freshmen did something in tennis, too, Bill Roberts being the champion of a tournament played in the spring. The girls also made a good showing.

April the first they gave the upper classmen a reception in return for their fall initiation party. It was a great success. The decorating was very skillfully done under the direction of Ethel Little, the chairman. Everyone agreed that the Freshmen were fine entertainers.

They ended the year with a "weenie" bake at the river and everyone had a good time.

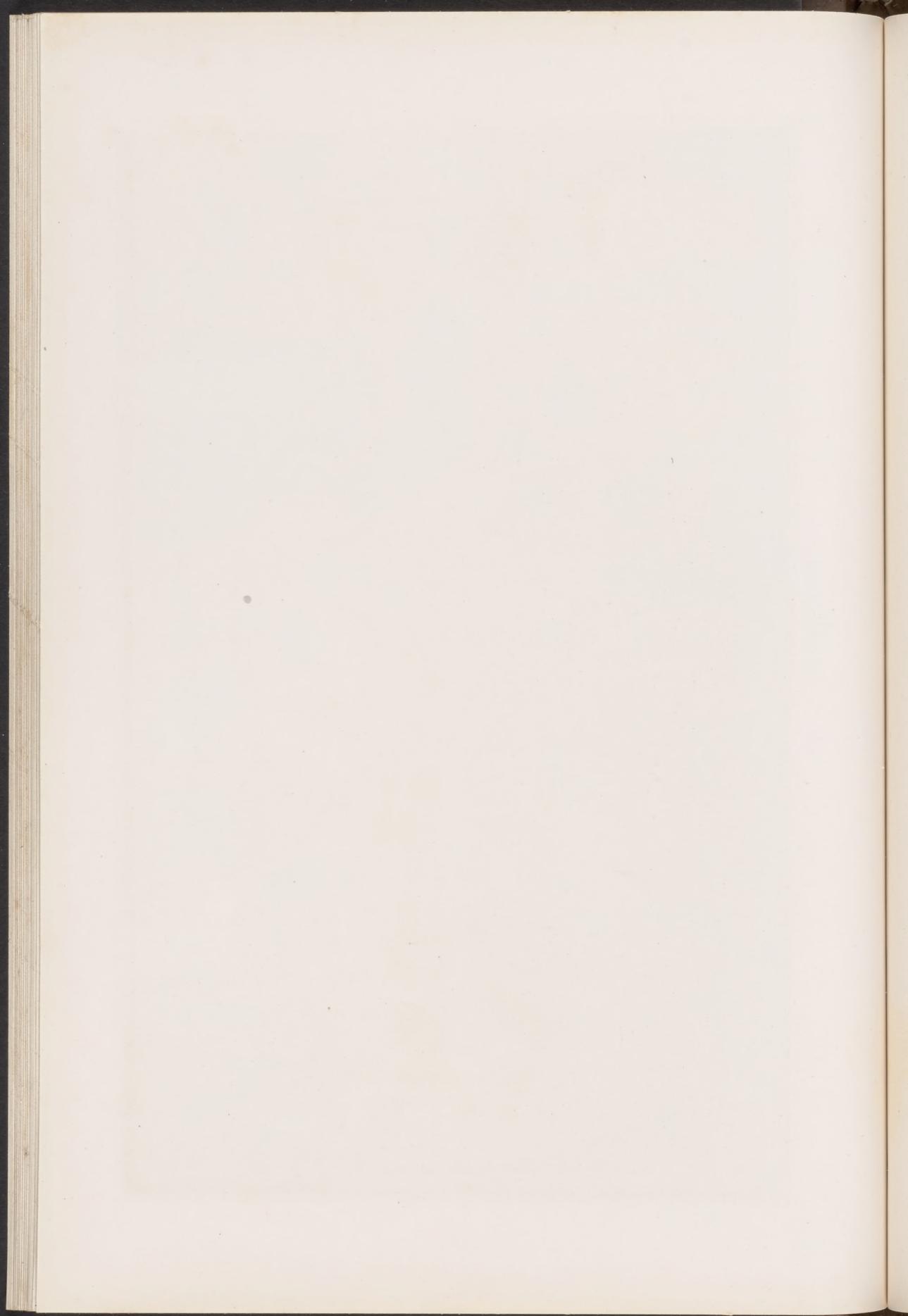
On the whole the class of '24 couldn't be beaten.

L. A. O., '24.



FRESHMEN CLASS







"MUMPS"
'MEMBER'EM?

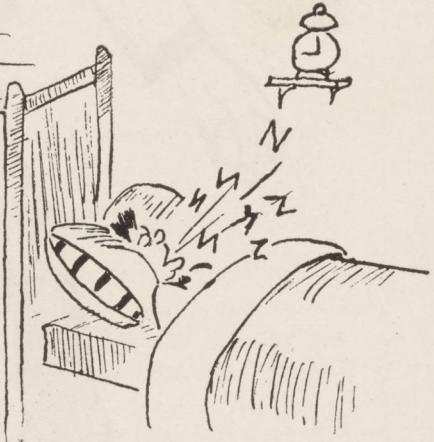


GEORGE

POUNDING OUT
AZALEA COPY

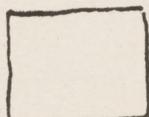


MR. MARTIN'S NEW BELL SYSTEM
HAD US ALL DASHING MADLY
TO OUR CLASSES



NINE A.M. ALWAYS
FINDS LOUIE
STILL SAWING LOGS

PICTURE OF
CARTHER'S
MIND



REPRESENTING A PILE OF
MISS SHERBURNES HISTORY EX
PAPERS—RIGHT HAND PILE BEING THE 9'S

ATHLETICS



RSL

ATHLETIC NOTES

UNLIMITED BASKETBALL

Carl Williamson	Manager
Wilbur Barlow	Captain

130-POUND BASKETBALL

Carl Williamson	Manager
Harold Hotle	Captain

TENNIS

Harold Hotle	Manager
Arthur Orchard	Captain

TRACK

Ansil Buletti	Manager
Lawrence Proctor	Captain

BASEBALL

Theodore Woolsey	Manager
Alfred Collins	Captain

Unlimited Basketball

Carl Williamson ('22) and Wilbur Barlow ('21) were elected manager and captain of the Unlimited basketball team at the beginning of the fall semester. Captain Barlow immediately started his squad practicing and a team was organized about the first of November. Captain Wilbur Barlow was our star man on defense. He played a fine game at left guard, and through his work the opposing team score was held down considerably. Kenneth Woodford played the other defensive position in a manner that would do credit to any High School player. Alfred Collins was the third guard. Although this was his first year at the game of basketball, he proved himself to be a very promising lad for next year's team.

Lester Woodford held the center position and his consistent "shooting" was the big feature of his playing.

Lawrence Proctor also played center, and played an exceptionally good game on the defensive.

Manager Carl Williamson played a fast and clever game at left forward and was very accurate when it came to dropping in the long shots.

Buster McCormick, Williamson's team mate, and believe us, no pair of players have been as speedy and clever as these two fellows.

Fred Busher played the position of right forward, and when it came to fighting for the ball no one could beat Freddie.

George Winkler left forward, also played a flashy game and was very reliable when the Analy boys needed a few points.

Following is a list of games played by the Unlimited team and the results:

LIST OF GAMES PLAYED

<i>Team—</i>	<i>Points.</i>	<i>Team—</i>	<i>Points.</i>
Boraca Club, Vallejo.....	39	St. Helena	30
Analy	18	Analy	18
Analy	37	Analy	34
Healdsburg	2	Petaluma	19
American Legion	43	Analy	42
Analy	22	Sonoma	20
Santa Rosa	26	Petaluma	33
Analy	12	Analy	22
Analy	29	Analy	38
Santa Rosa	26	Healdsburg	27
Petaluma	30	Santa Rosa	38
Analy	21	Analy	29

130-lb. Team

At the opening of the fall term, Harold Hotle was elected captain of the 130-lb. basketball team. Carl Williamson was elected manager.

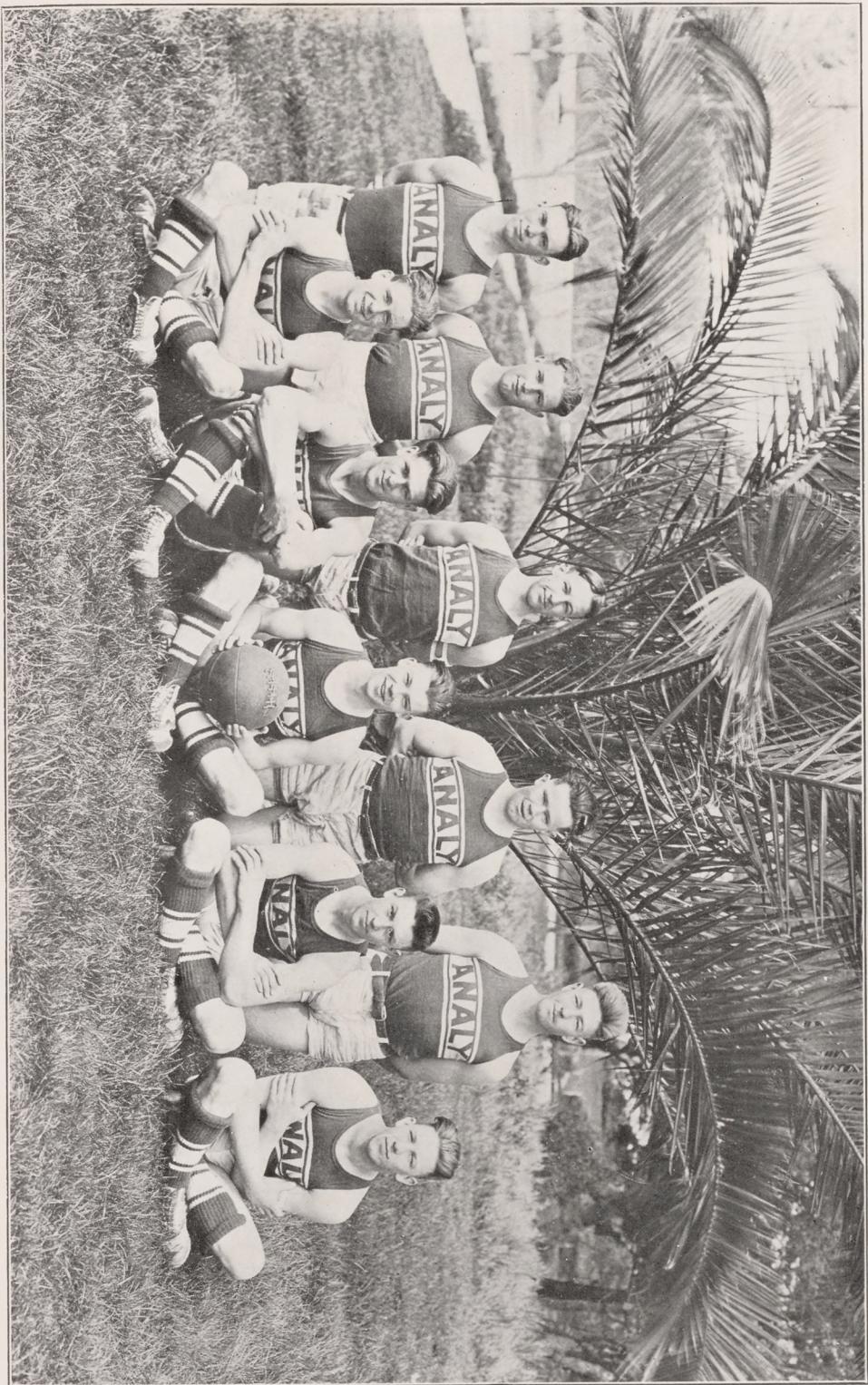
Harold Hotle played forward on the team, and although he was small he played as snappy a game as any others of the team.

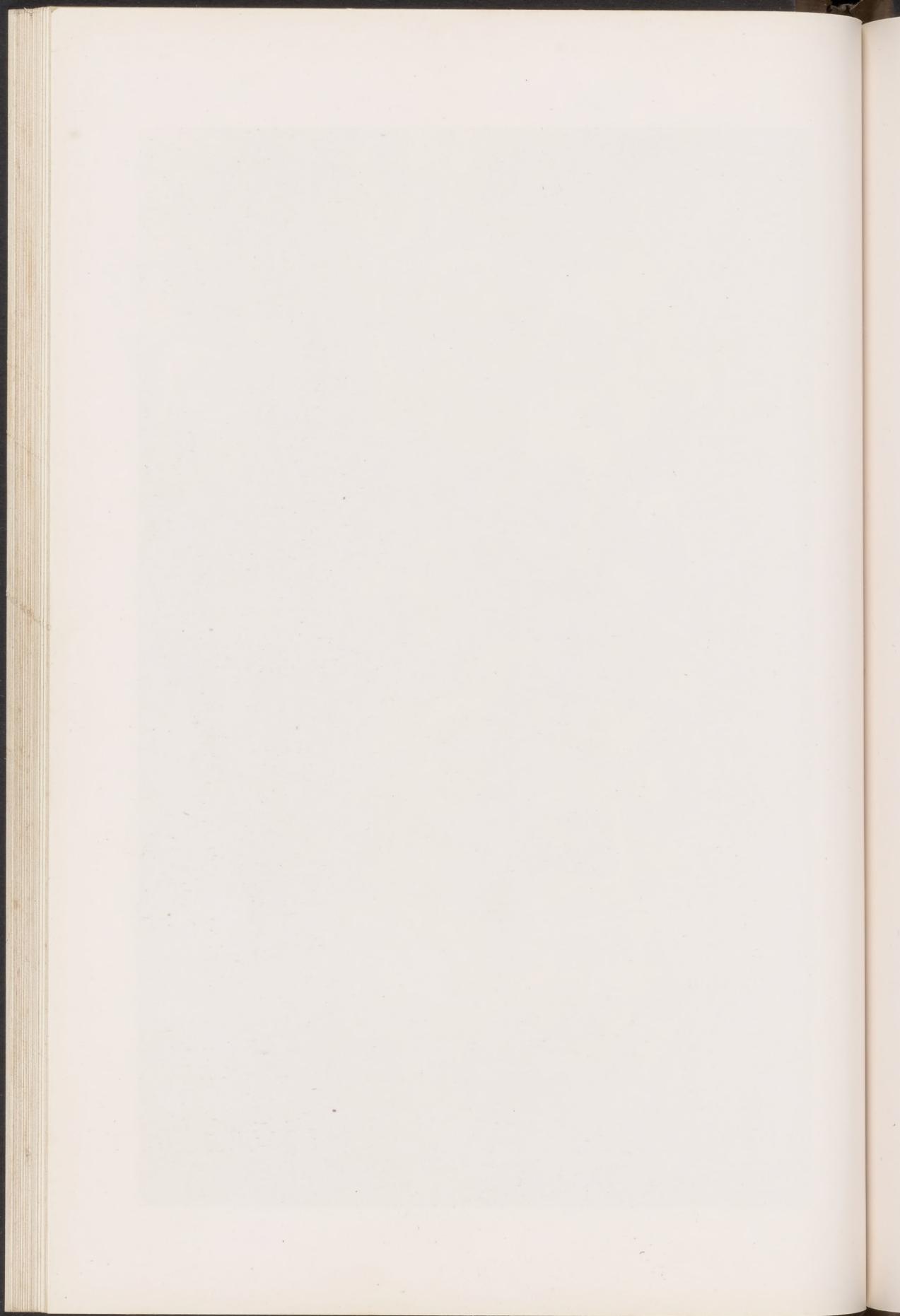
Arthur Orchard, center or forward, was one of the mainstays of the team.

Jack Miller, guard, hurt his foot in practice and the team missed his defensive playing in the games that followed.

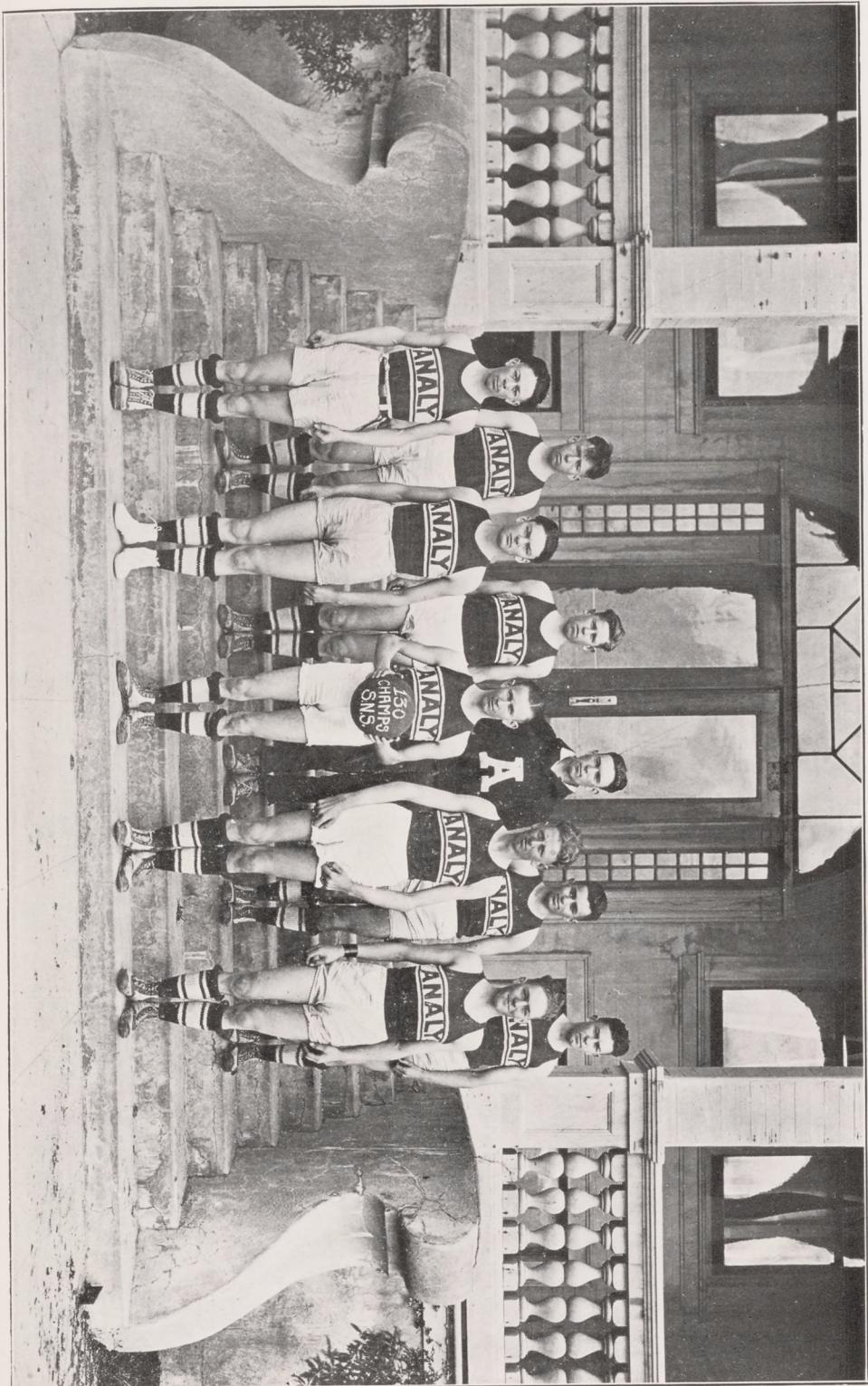
Vern Wood, also a guard, played a good brand of ball.

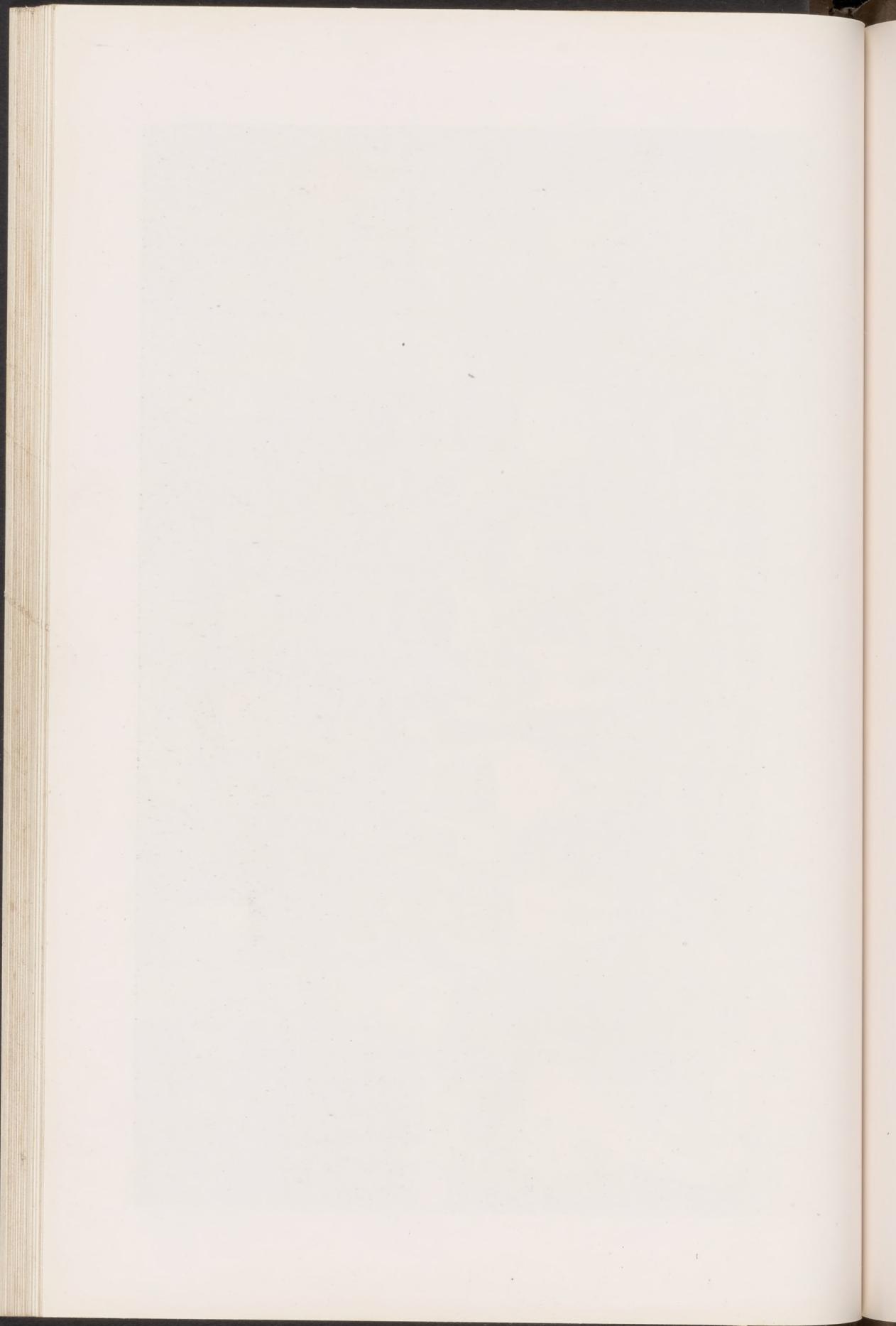
UNLIMITED BASKETBALL TEAM



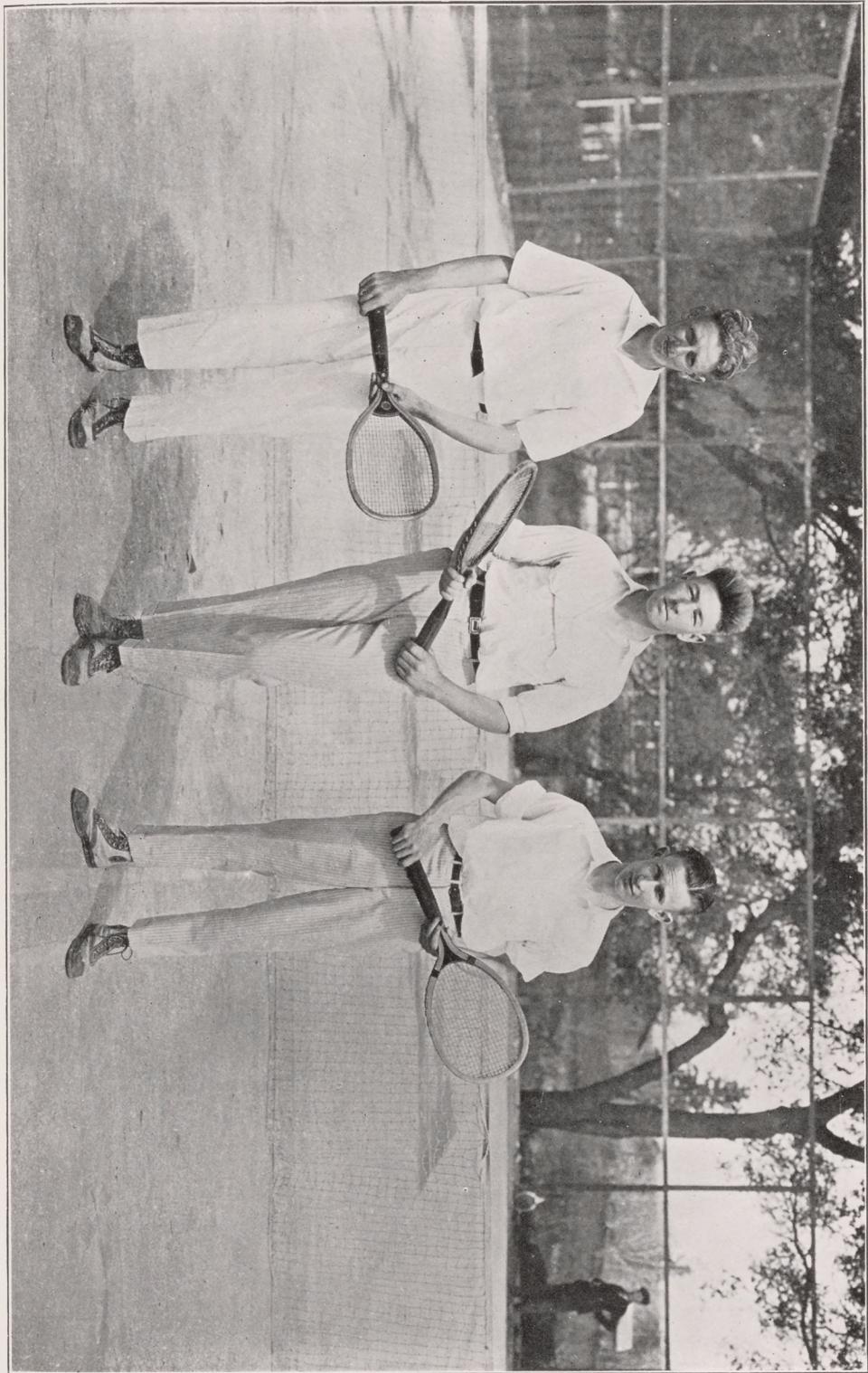


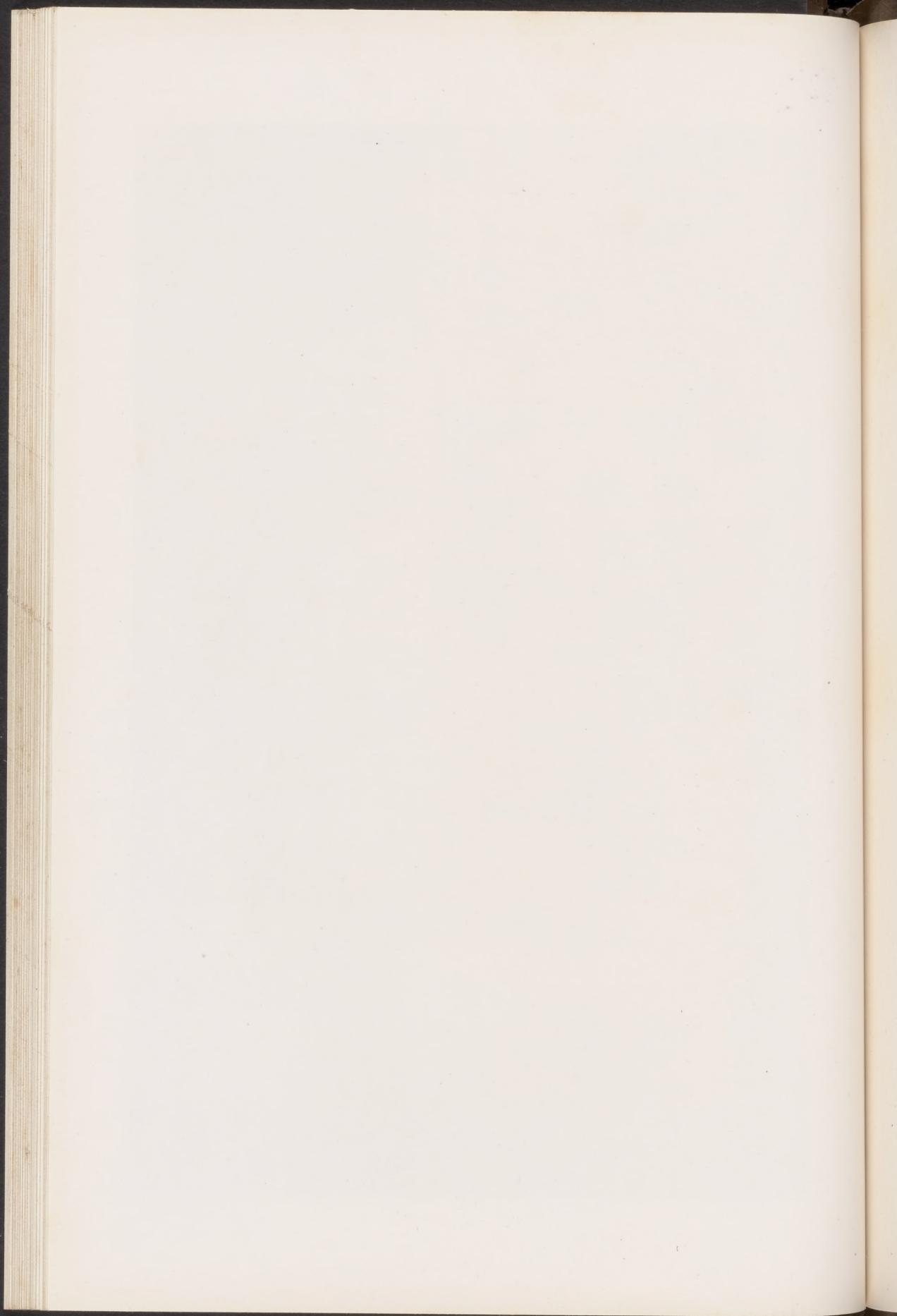
130-LB. BASKETBALL TEAM





TENNIS TEAM





Bennie Corbin played fine ball at either guard or forward. Ben Rabinivetz was another snappy 130-pounder.

Edwin McMannis played the position of forward and showed up good at the position.

During the middle of the season the 130's lost their finest player, Allen Ross. He was undoubtedly the star of the team and could play any place on the court. His playing was missed considerably in the games that followed.

All the team except Hotle and Orchard will be here next year and the prospects look very promising.

<i>Team—</i>	<i>Points.</i>	<i>Team—</i>	<i>Points.</i>
Santa Rosa Junior Golds	31	Analy	21
Analy	26	Petaluma	18
Analy	26	Analy	16
Santa Rosa Junior Golds	23	Sonoma	13
Analy	16	Petaluma	21
Healdsburg	15	Analy	16
Analy	36	Analy	30
Petaluma	27	Healdsburg	27
Analy	41	Santa Rosa	22
Sonoma	20	Analy	11
Santa Rosa	30		
Analy	26		

Tennis

Harold Hotle, Arthur Orchard, Horace Davidson, Donald Osborne and Wilbur Barlow were the boys who made the Analy tennis team.

Harold Hotle, Captain and Arthur Orchard, manager, were the outstanding stars of the team. Harold played a snappy game of singles or doubles. Arthur was unfortunate to sprain his ankle during the spring season and was unable to play the remainder of the season. Horace Davidson plays a southpaw game and his left hand drives and cuts often fool his opponents. Donald Osborne, another member of the Junior class, plays a good game, and with more experience will make a coming star.

Wilbur Barlow went out for the team in the spring and showed his superiority by defeating all other candidates for the vacant place in the team.

Baseball

Never before in the history of Analy has an athletic team of Analy worked its way to the championship of the North Coast Section of the C. I. F.

Here is how the 1921 baseball team did it:

At the first meeting of the baseball club, held in February, Alfred Collins was elected captain and Ted Woolsey manager.

Hard practice was the menu for the next few weeks, and then the boys were ready for the pennant race.

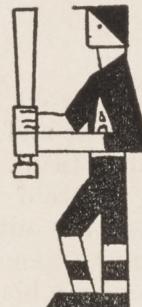
Healdsburg was our first opponent in the race for Sonoma County championship and we walked away to an easy 8-2 victory.

The next game was with Petaluma, in which we shut them out, to the tune of 6-0.

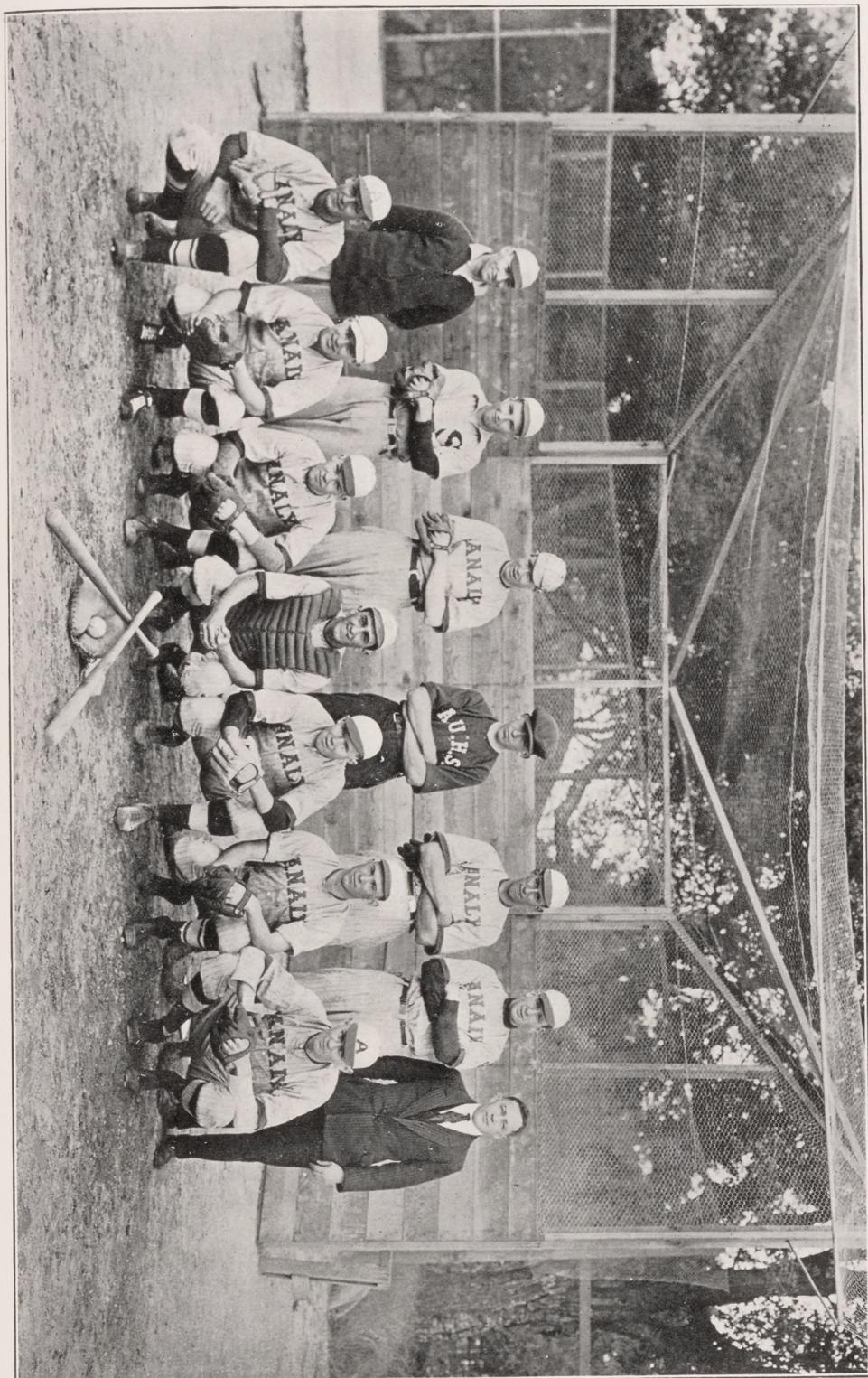
Santa Rosa, our old rival, was our next victim. Before a crowd of a thousand our team went through one of the hardest games of the season, but when the ninth inning was over the blue and white shown above the orange and black. We won—11-9. We beat Sonoma 4-2, and with this victory went the county honors. Our team traveled to Tamalpais, the winner of Marin and Napa Counties. Our team entered this game with the same “never say die” spirit as they had shown in all their other games, and consequently they came out on the long end of a 7-3 score.

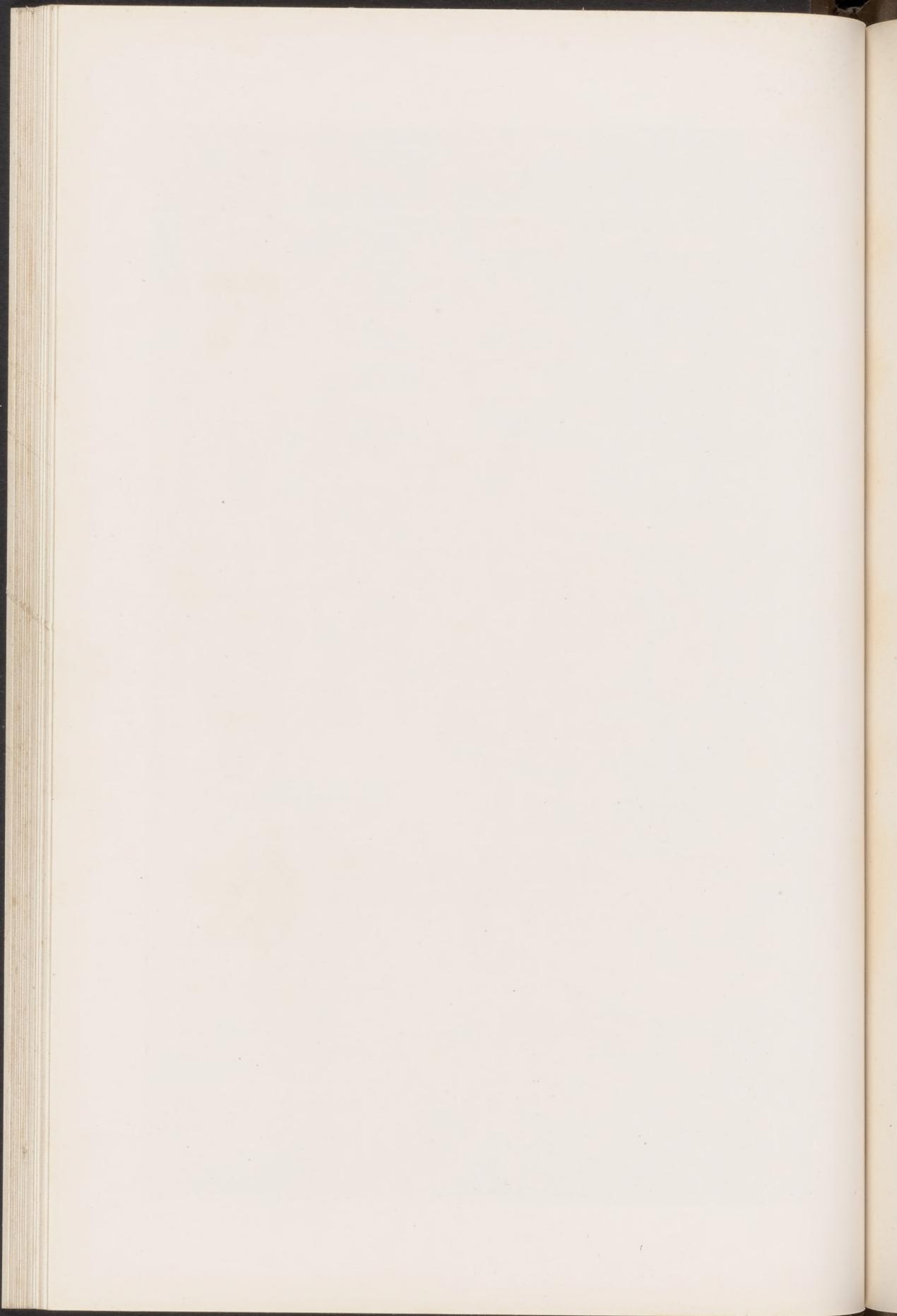
Ukiah, champion of Mendocino, Humboldt and Lake Counties, travelled down to Analy expecting to go back winners, but were sadly disappointed. The score was 5-1.

Next came the final game of the North Coast Section with Alameda. The game was played at Analy before a crowd of fifteen hundred fans, and the Analy boys pruned their colors to the true blue, handing Alameda a 7-6 defeat. That victory made us champions and gave us the right to play for the Northern California championship. Our boys travelled to Chico for this game and played the greatest game ever played by an Analy ball team. In this game the Analy boys went down to defeat for the first and only time of the season. Chico won the Northern championship by the close score of 1-0.



BASEBALL TEAM





The following fellows are responsible for our successes:

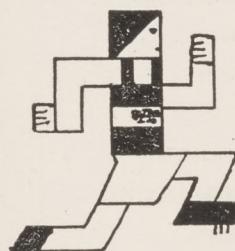
Coach William Baker; Assistant coach, Melrose Martin (Principal); Theo. Woolsey, manager; Alfred Collins, pitcher (captain); Ansil Buletti, catcher; Tom Worth, first base; George Winkler, second base; Fred Janssen, third base; Fred Busher, shortstop; Carl Williamson, center field; Hubert McCormick, left field; Rollo Winkler right field; Lawrence Proctor, substitute pitcher; Asa Sullivan, utility; William Talbot, utility.



Track

If anybody says that Analy hasn't a track team, they don't know what they are talking about.

At the North Coast Division of the C. I. F. Track and Field Meet held at Stanford April 9, 1921, the Analy boys captured



five points. This was the largest meet ever held in the North Coast Division of the C. I. F., there being 180 athletes competing.

Five athletes attended this meet and every one of them did his best. Laurence Proctor was the hero of the day for Analy. He won the high jump, thus making Analy's 5 points.

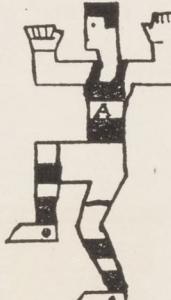
Charles Rice and Wesley Meyer also competed.

In the 120-pound division we were represented by Dwight Williams and Virgil Mudd. This was the first meet of this kind for all of these athletes with the exception of Proctor, and it is thought that they will do better next year.

In the C. I. F. League meet held this spring Analy took second place. With the loss of Proctor and one or two others the team was badly crippled, but they went into the meet with a "go get 'em" spirit and came out with a second place pennant.

Analy was unable to send but a very few athletes to the S. N. S. meet this year, as there was a baseball game the same day and most of the track team was on the baseball team.

In the 120-pound division Analy captured second place at the C. I. F. meet.



Block "A" Society

WM. BAKER (Coach)

ANSIL BULETTI

HORACE DAVIDSON

ALFRED COLLINS

HAROLD HOTLE

WILBUR BARLOW

GEORGE WINKLER

DONALD OSBORNE

THEO. WOOLSEY (Pres.)

JACK MILNER

CARL WILLIAMSON

TOM WORTH

FRED BUSHER

CHALES RICE

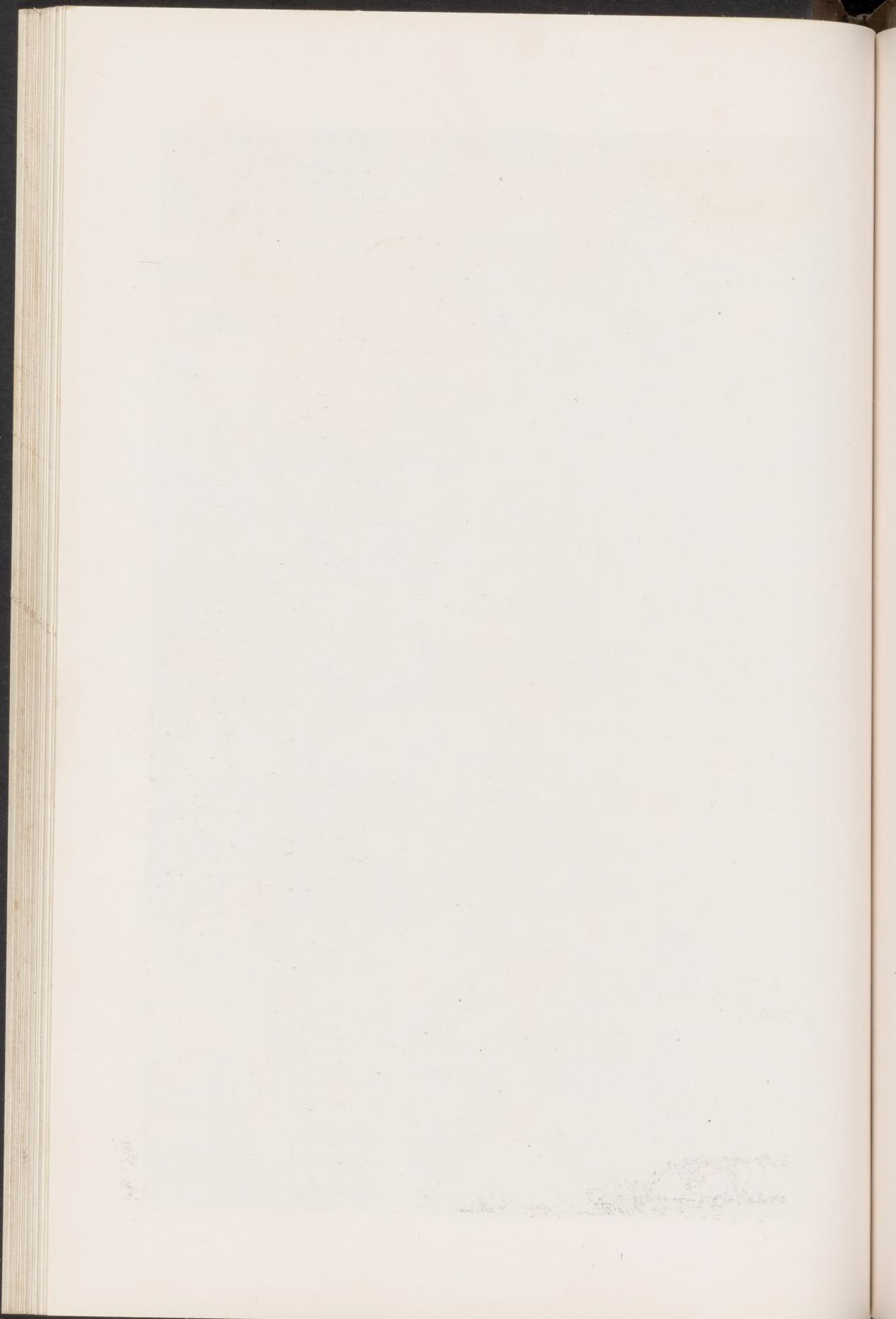
ARTHUR ORCHARD

KENNETH WOODFORD

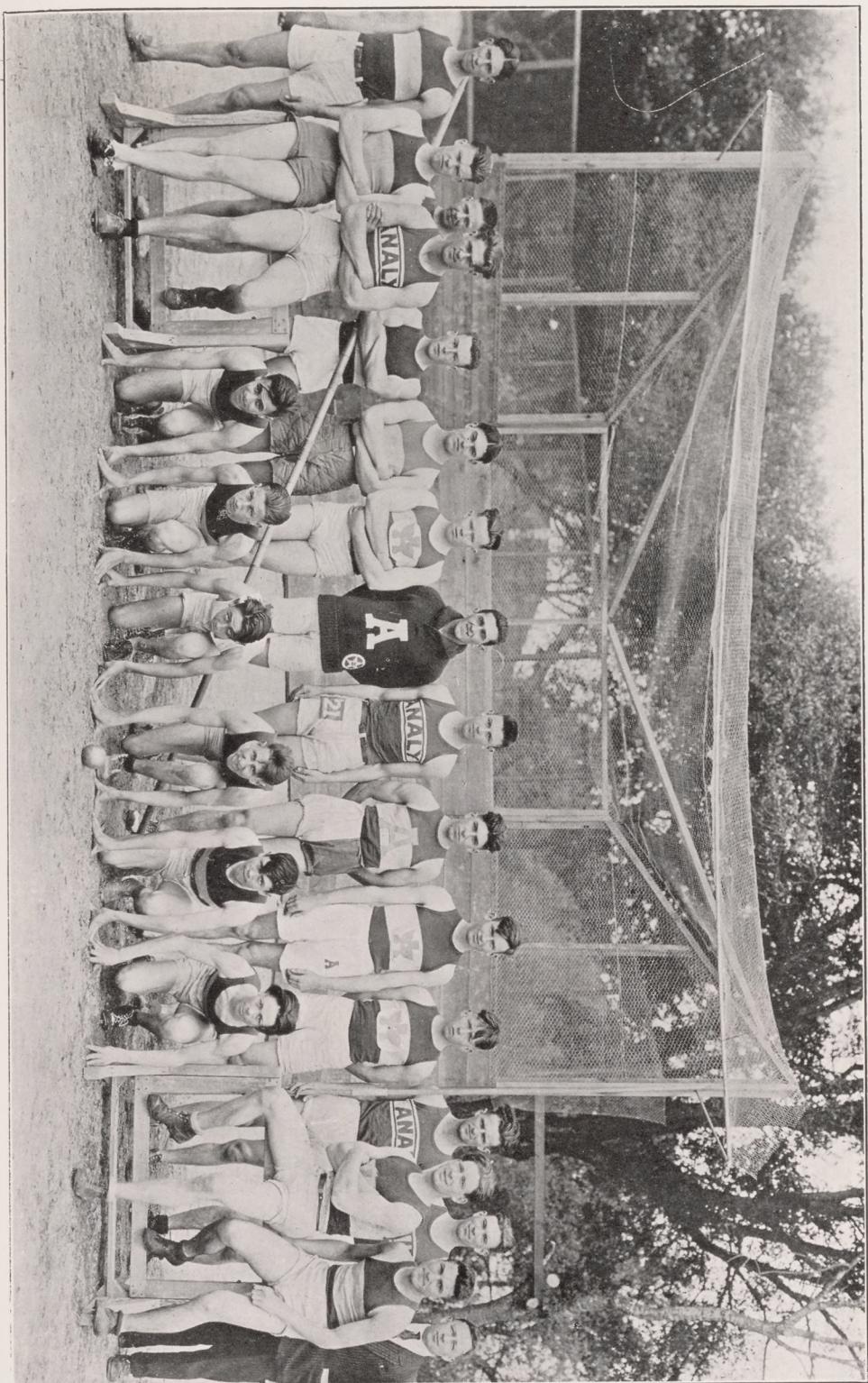
FRED JANSSEN

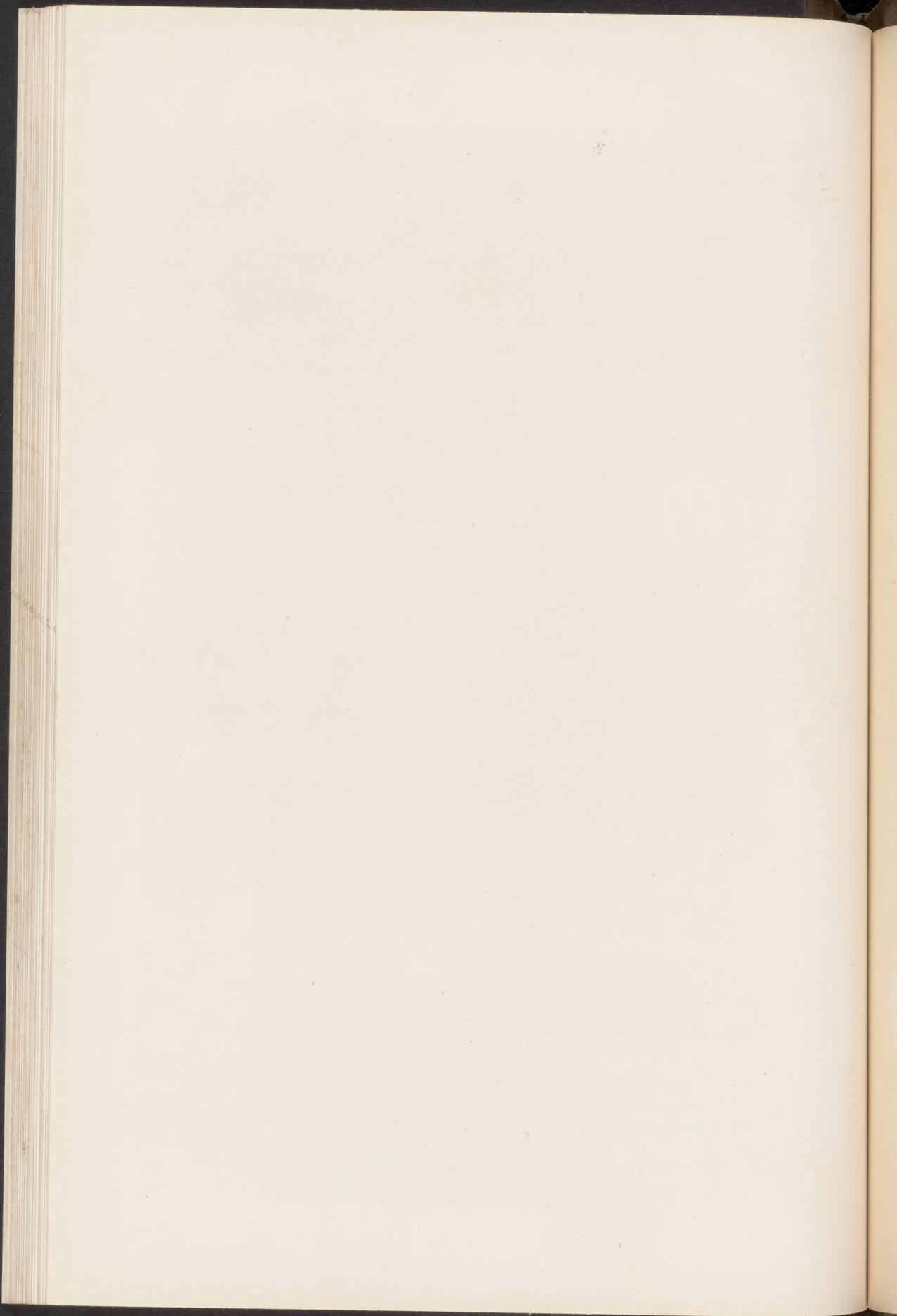
BLOCK "A" CLUB





TRACK SQUAD







 NCE more the exchange is ready with criticism. We are glad to receive exchanges from other schools and only regret that our list is not longer. By reading other annuals we see ourselves as others see us.

Red and White, Tomales: Your school may be small but your literary department is exceptionall good.

The Alpha, Oroville: We like your sports. They are cleverly written. Your snapshots are fine.

The Enterprise, Petaluma: Your exchange department is splendid, which greatly helps your book.

Polytechnic, Polytechnic High School, San Francisco: Your book is the best we have seen. It shows that it is self-supporting, as there are no advertisements in it.

Tokay, Lodi: You have a fine annual for the size of your school. More literary work would improve your book a great deal.

Ye Sotoyoman, Healdsburg: Your class prophecy is original and is exceedingly fine. Your art department is very good.





PETTIT—Have you heard my last joke?

VICTIM—I hope so.

* * *

MISS COX—What was Penn's first name?

RAY SILVA—Fountain.

* * *

B. B.—Do all nuts grow on trees?

B. B.—Sure. How did you get down without hurting yourself?

* * *

BUSS—Is there any soup on the bill of fare?

WAITER—There was, but I wiped it off.

* * *

FRANK—I saw your father last night and spoke to him about taking you to the "Frosh Return."

HELEN—Did he strike you favorably?

FRANK—Well, not exactly favorably, but rather accurately.

* * *

BILL SPADE, '24—I just can't eat at the restaurant any more. The food tastes like sawdust.

WYATT, '23—Well, sawdust is fine board.

* * *

ENGLISH PARSON—I hear you have a son and heir.

THOMPSON—Yes, sir, our house now represents the United Kingdom.

English PARSON—How so?

THOMPSON—Why, you see, I am English, my wife's Irish, the nurse is Scotch and the baby wails.

FOR SALE—A full blooded cow, giving milk, three tons of hay, a lot of chickens and a couple of stoves.

* * *

HER—I heard your girl and you had some words.

HIM—Yes, I had some, but didn't get a chance to use them.

* * *

SMALL MAN—Have you plenty of room, madam?

FAT LADY—Yes, thank you.

SMALL MAN—Well then give me a little, please.

* * *

COUNSEL—After all, my client is only charged with simply theft.

PRISONER—Simple? I'd like to see you do it!

* * *

WAITER—By the way, sir, that steak you ordered, how would you like to have it?

MR. LOVETT—Very much, indeed.

* * *

“SOME ODD BUNCH”

Three hundred odd persons listened to the lecture of Mr. Martin.

* * *

CLOSE QUARTERS

OUTSIDER—How does Analy like the Gym?

STUDENT—Oh, they have no room for complaint.

* * *

MR. BAKER—Did you take a shower?

MERTON WOODS—No; is there one missing?

* * *

SURE DEATH

COLLINS—What is the most dangerous poison?

WOOLSEY—Aviation poison.

COLLINS—How much does it take to kill a person?

WOOLSEY—One drop.

* * *

FRESHIE—Sweeping out the hall, Mr. Moore?

MR. MOORE—No. Just the dirt.

* * *

MR. LOVETT—Name three articles containing starch.

LEWIS THOMAS (sleepily)—Two collars and a cuff.

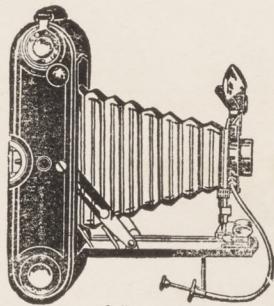
* * *

SHE—Doesn't she look like Helen Green?

HE—Yes, bue she looks worse in brown.

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for men

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and SOLE LEATHERS

Made to our Special Order

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Work Shoes

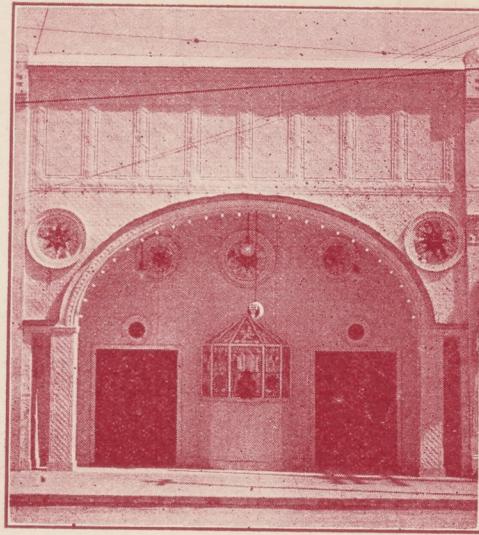
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The Sebastopol Times

HARRY M. LUTGENS, Editor and Publisher

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DR. W. E. BIXBY

Office Hours: 1:30 to 4:30 p. m.

[Except Sunday]

Sebastopol National Bank Bldg.

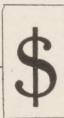
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UNDER SUPERVISION OF THE U. S. GOVERNMENT

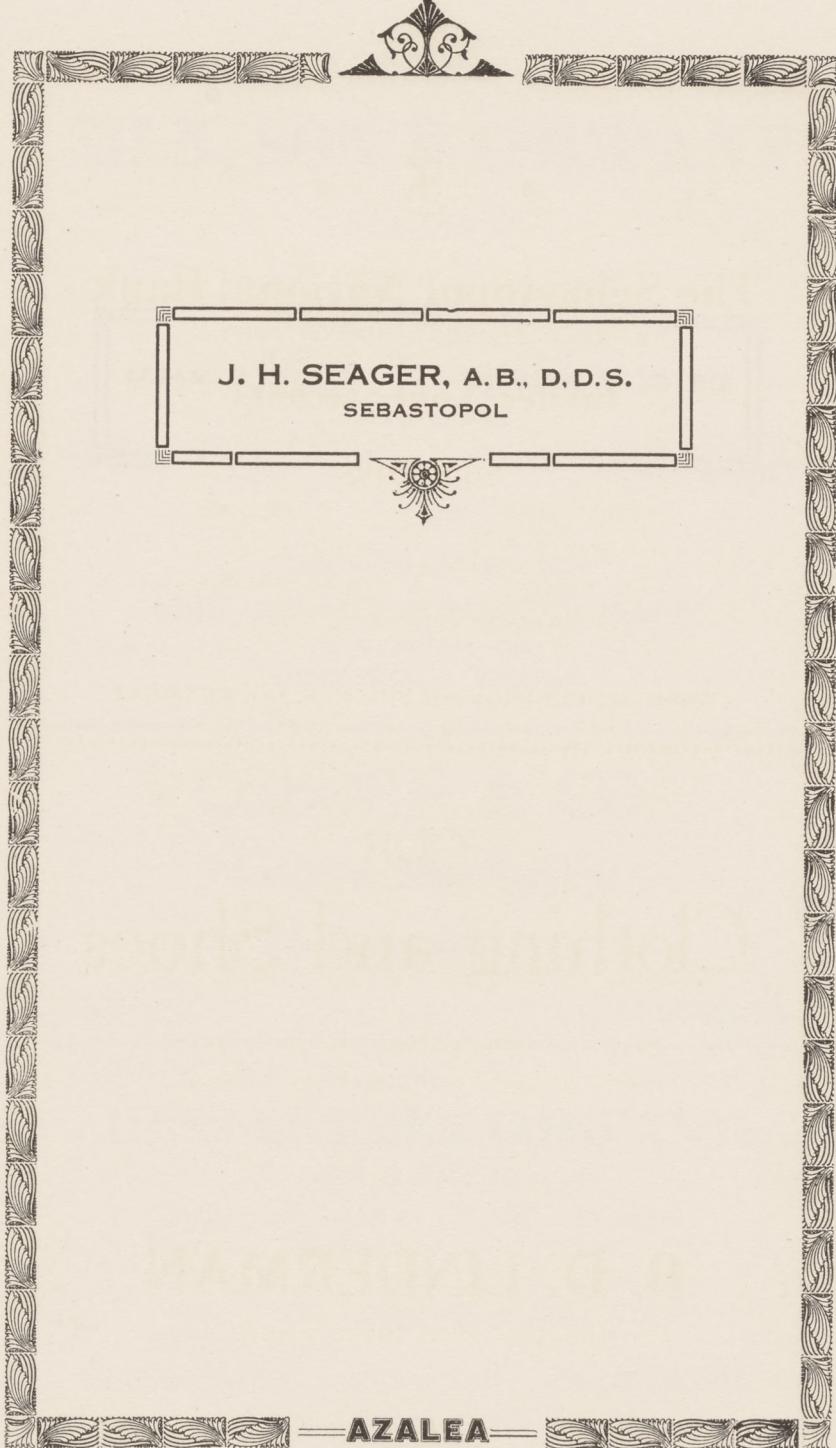
OUR Clothing and Shoes

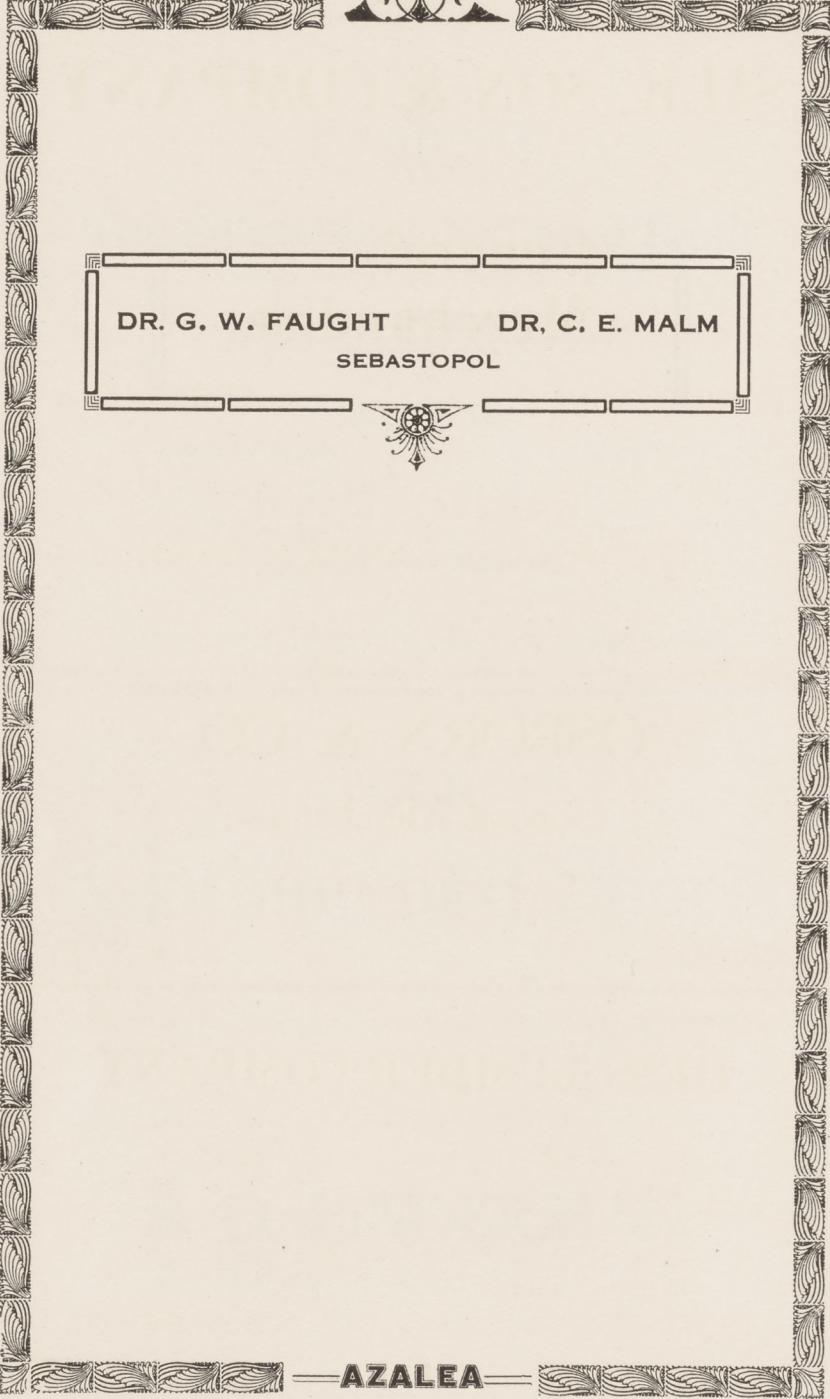
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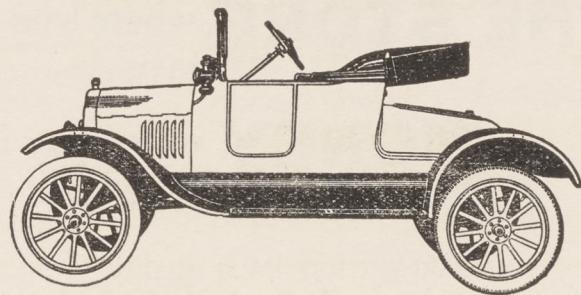
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Here they learn that success can be achieved by all who are willing to work.

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